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William Tucker

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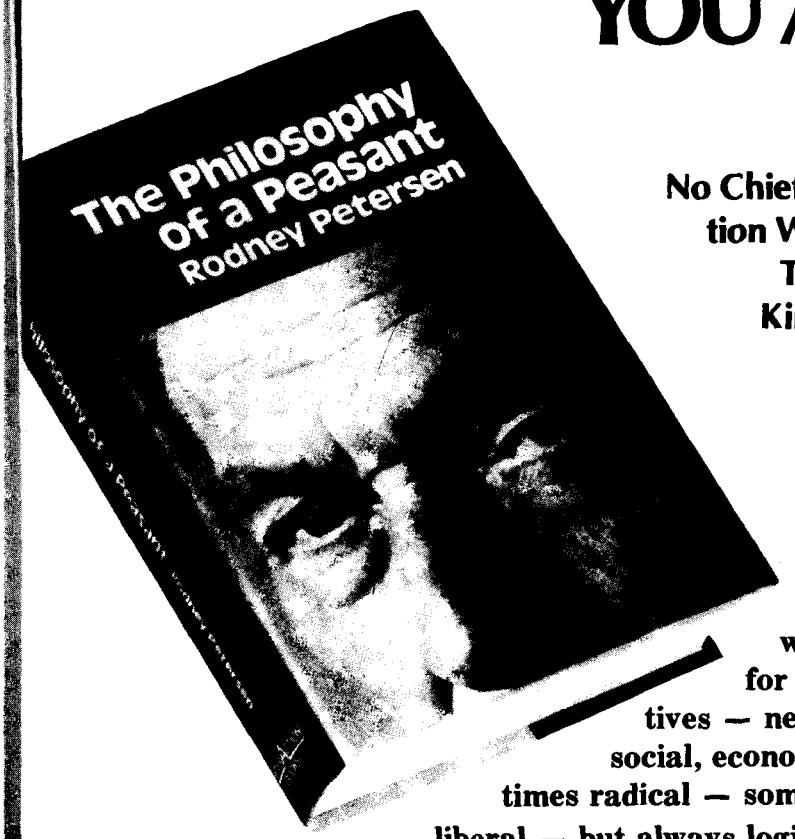

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INTERACTION BOOKS

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY [illegible], 1979
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ISSN: 0028-0038

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Brian Crozier

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Human error, confusion, deceit, and scrambled lines of authority and communication all played their part at Three Mile Island. A minor accident thus became a major one. But the situation never approached disaster, and the value of nuclear energy stands unaltered. *Milton R. Copulos*
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Remarkably, the accident seems to have sobered the public about nuclear hazards—not by turning them against nuclear power, but by giving scale and realism to formerly vague fears. *William Tucker*

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In 1971, NATIONAL REVIEW said on its cover that the U.S. was behind in the missile race—and that if nothing were done about it, the Soviet Union might rule the world. We were behind the times, as usual; now the times are catching up with us. In a chilling speech, Paul Nitze recently spelled out the situation, with special reference to SALT II: the Soviets seek—and are achieving, *Finlandization.* *Joseph A. Rehyansky*

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The London Times

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No jealousy disturbed the harmony of Richard and Cosima Wagner, since they both agreed he was the greatest thing alive.
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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for one issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc., 1979. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$34.00 a year ($19.00 for the 48-page issues, and $15.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

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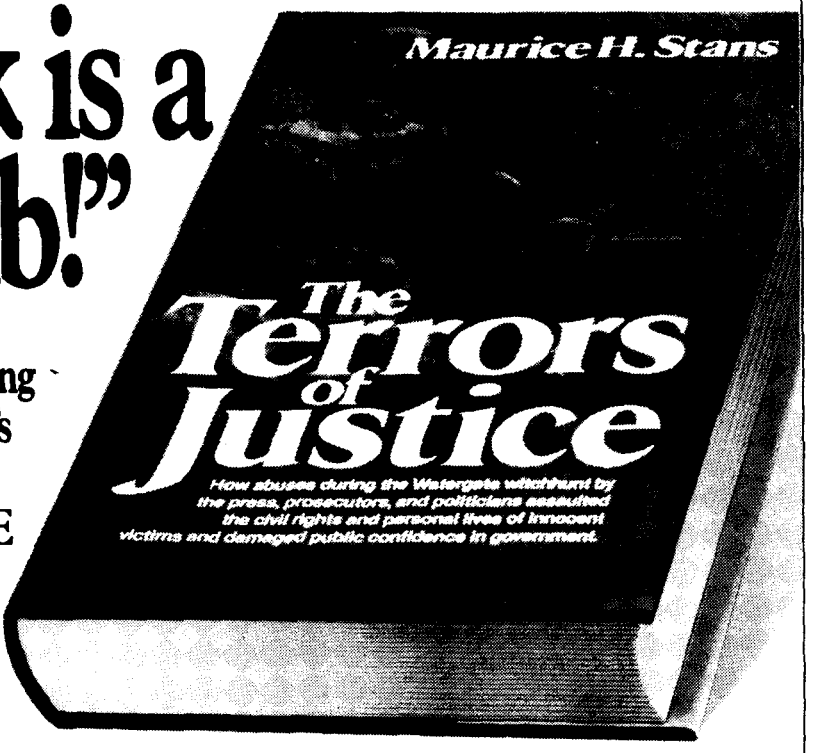
Maurice H. Stans
The Terrors of Justice
How abuses during the Watergate witchhunt by the press, prosecutors, and politicians assaulted the civil rights and personal lives of innocent victims and damaged public confidence in government.

"Someday, perhaps five or ten years from now, a brilliant, iconoclastic graduate student in American history is going to come across Maurice Stans' *The Terrors of Justice* in the library stacks. Curious, since his professors have never mentioned the book, he will take it out of the library and return to his room. There, throughout the night, he will read it, fascinated, appalled by what he is reading, incredulous.

"As dawn approaches, he will put the book aside and think: If this book is correct or even anywhere near correct, then the official version of Watergate we have been taught in high school and college is not only incorrect and incomplete—it is a monstrous, unconscionable distortion of the truth...

"Until now all we have had as source material for Watergate have been polemics, diatribes, confessions, self-congratulatory memoirs of those who prosecuted the Watergate figures, Hollywood good-guy vs. bad-guy extravaganzas in the movies and on television, and born-again reflections on former Nixon aides...

"Stans has written a different kind of book...No hysteria, no demagoguery, no poetry, no refuge in spirituality—just the steady, plodding, relentless drumbeat of fact after fact, document after document...

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"Stans attempts to give, in specific and at times excruciating detail the 'other side' of the Watergate story...and the sordid and all but incredible perversions of our system of justice by public officials.

"This is a book to buy and keep and when the time is right, to give to one's children...[It] may or may not say anything new about Richard Nixon or the other Watergate figures we know so much about. But it will tell of a *reign of media and government terror unparalleled in American history,* shamefully ignored by those who are self-proclaimed lovers and defenders of civil liberties...

'The liberal press can ignore this book if it so chooses. Its truth is irrefutable."

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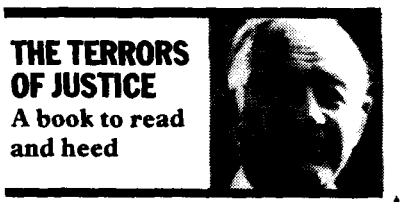

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Letters

Conspiracies

David W. Belin had an easy job disposing of the false conclusions of the House Select Committee on Assassinations ["The Second-Gunman Syndrome," April 27]. It is reasonable to assume that any theory supported by Mark Lane—e.g., that of a second gunman—is fraudulent.

But Mr. Belin's piece repays careful attention also because of his plaint that there is too much secrecy in government. Belin is right. There are various rationales offered for closed doors: national security, "free and open" debate (unencumbered by political considerations that would be imposed by public scrutiny), the reputations of private individuals. But matters that arguably deserve secrecy are leaked to the press anyway (e.g., the Pike Committee's investigation of the CIA), or stolen by the Russians. On matters of public spending or regulation, public discussion provides only benefits. Conservatives who oppose excessive government ought to recognize this and consider the proper limits of closed hearings and closed bureaucracies.

Tim James
San Antonio, Tex.

Villa as in Gorilla

Ever since I began subscribing to *NR*, I have enjoyed, among other things, the poetry of W. H. von Dreele. His wit and perception, as well as his excellent sense of meter and rhyme, make his poetry a joy to read. I have also enjoyed his occasional decimations of those unfortunate souls daring to find fault with his verses. Perhaps it is some subtle undiscovered masochism that forces me into the ranks of these unfortunate souls. Perhaps not. All I know is: Mr. von Dreele, I gotcha!

In the March 30 issue, there appeared a poem entitled "Some Call It Honor," an excellent poem, were it not for one glaring error. How, Mr. von Dreele, could you, being on the same staff with the Hispanically fluent Señor Buckley, *ever* rhyme "gorilla" and "Pancho Villa"?

Maybe you did this because you felt most people do not know how "Villa" is pronounced. I find this out of character; since when does W. H. von Dreele stoop to the level of cultural Philistines?

In my opinion, a line ending in "Korea" would have been a better idea than the gorilla line. Certainly more politically relevant, at any rate. There are a limited number of gorillas currently involved in public service.

Susan Papas
Minnetonka, Minn.

By having pleased the few who pronou Pancho Villa as in Korea, I would h failed to give pleasure to the many m who rhyme it with "gorilla." And rai than calling these people "Philistines," prefer to say that they're simply reflec a self-confidence in their own langu and culture. I try to Anglicize most f eign words. You'll notice the Fre Frenchify anything foreign (have you e heard the way they say l'avenue Franl D. Roosevelt*?), and the English Anglic with a vengeance. Perhaps the most mous English example in poetry occ in Lord Byron's* Don Juan, *in which rhymes "a new one" and "a true o with "Don Juan"—a real hair-straig ener, what? That's in Canto the Fi verse I. I just looked it up.* —WI

Rude and Offensive

I was distressed to note the title of editorial "Goddam Bores" [March in your normally admirable magazine have been reading other people's copies *NR* since about age 18. Now I'm weal enough to afford my own subscripti and what happens? With your very f offering I find an assault on my trust your good taste.

Oh, I've been around the block. I heard people say "goddam." I've ne heard it when the speaker *meant* it, it's definitely a popular expression. I seen it spelled with the "g" in the lo case, and I've heard it mumbled alm to a single syllable; but that doe change its meaning or lessen the grav of the act.

Brian Da
Tempe, A

I was shocked and angered to see that *I* published a four-letter word ["Carto Spread," March 30]. This should ne be. I am sure it will cause some subscr tions to lapse, and some people who w considering subscribing will not subscr now. Keep your magazine above fil street language, please.

Burnice R. Ha
El Paso, T

Surprises

F. R. Buckley's "Another Country" [Ap 13] was one of those surprises that de onstrate the potentialities of interpretat reporting. Nearly everything else I've re about South Africa has been either sa timonious or defensive, so I almost flipp right past this piece. But I was intrigu by the insights in the first two excer printed in decorative type ("If [the Sou

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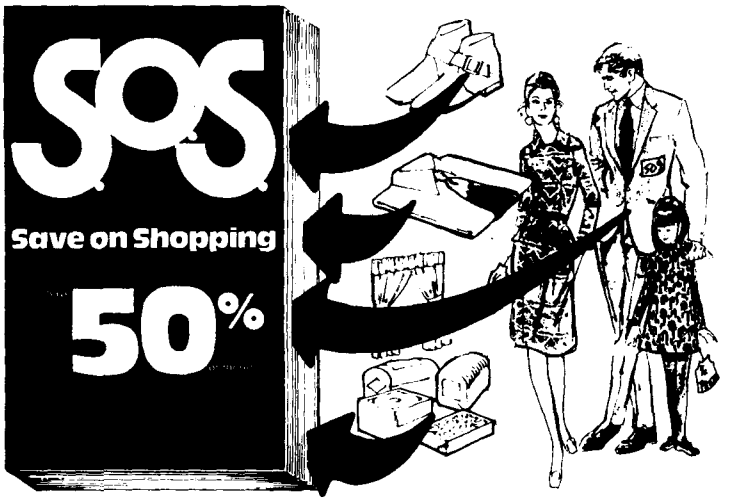

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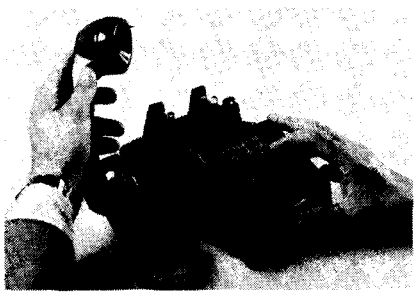

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Africans] are paranoiac, they, like the raelis, have reason to be"; and "Wretch living conditions are flammable causes civil unrest, but ten thousand magnificently endowed Sowetos would in no w suffice to still the outrage"), and so stopped to read, and found the article wonderfully sensitive explication of two sides in this situation which is the Hegelian sense) genuinely tragic.

However, I must point out one puzz ment. As I was reading along, I came a place (page 485, third column) wh it seems that either a word or a senter is missing. Can you tell me how that p sage ought to read?

Gervase Thoms
Belmont, Ma

Through a production mishap, a line w left out at the beginning of the l paragraph on that page. The first senter of this paragraph ought to read: "T visitor cannot help being impressed what has been accomplished in the thi years of Soweto's existence." —

Conservatives Are People, Too

I read with great interest *NR*'s article the U.S. Labor Party ["The Swarmy L and Times of the NCLC," March 30]. want to congratulate the entire staff f exposing these people. For several yea I have watched this organization enga in vicious and unrestrained character a sassination; it is time somebody stood to them.

I might add that I am not a conserv tive; on the contrary I am a socialist the tradition of Norman Thomas (I b long to the Democratic Socialist Organ ing Committee, headed by Michael Ha rington). However, I frequently try make the point to my socialist friends th there are many sincere, decent, and pri cipled people on the right who are committed as any socialist to democra principles and political fair play. Yo article is eloquent proof of the point have tried to make to other socialists.

Ernest Eva
Washington, D.

Gregory Rose's article on the Nation Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC includes some revealing testimony regar ing contacts which this group has h with main-line Republicans and with va ous organizations on what the author ca the "radical Right."

It is useful for conservatives to get t information establishing the NCLC's tr loyalties (to Marxism via the U.S. Lab Party). But one can hardly escape t feeling that a main purpose of Mr. Rose treatise is to reinforce the blacklisting certain groups which *NR* regards as "rac cal Right"—in particular Liberty Lobb His hint that opposition to the decrimina

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ion of marijuana is a mark of right-
g extremism seems more than a little
air, and unnecessarily divisive. Also,
trary to the author's indicated opinion,
a moderate, of leanings either right
left, might understandably recognize
the Rockefeller influence is a potent
e, for good or ill, in world affairs.

W. J. Hillmert
Chicago, Ill.

rogating a Treaty

fundamental question regarding the
ak with Taiwan is not, as Grover Rees
contends ["Is It Unconstitutional?"
rch 16], whether the Executive can
timately "abrogate" a treaty without
currence by two-thirds of the Senate,
ause abrogation implies the outright
dance of a pact outside of the pro-
ses specified in the pact's language; the
stion is whether, once a treaty is op-
tional, the United States' "party" to the
cution of the terms of that treaty is
President.

That the terms of the treaty in ques-
provide that either party could, with
year's notice, unilaterally end the mu-
l obligations defined in the treaty is
casually brushed aside by most of the
dent denunciators of what is errone-
ly perceived to be an imperially presi-
tial usurpation of the Senate's right. If
President with the Senate can conclude
ties, or the same Executive-Legislative
bination can abrogate them, then why
uld the language of a particular treaty
e to provide for the universally recog-
ed principle that either side could ter-
ate the treaty? The answer, of course,
hat it didn't; the language in question
conferring an Executive power out-
of that axiom.

The privilege of executing the terms of
reaty to which the United States is
y, absent a stipulation to the contrary
the body of the treaty, resides exclu-
ly in the Executive. If the terms of
treaty include a provision for uni-
ral termination upon notice, then it is
lusively within the province of the
cutive. And, under such specific cir-
stances, such execution is not con-
semantically an "abrogation," but
ely a legitimate discharge of Executive
ction. If the Senate did not intend to
fer such awesome discretion on the
sident, it should not have ratified the
ty as drafted.

Mike Kennedy
Fresno, Calif.

. Rees Replies

I tried not to be a strident denunciator.
refer to be thought of as a jurocon-
semantical explicator.

. "Abrogate: to repeal, to annul, to
lish authoritatively or formally, to
cel; to do away with. put an end to."

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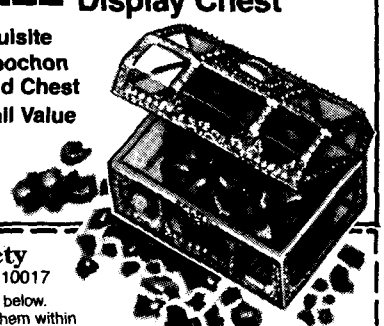

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—OED. A great man, probably Morton Blackwell, once said that an investment in a good dictionary will facilitate communication with friend and foe alike.

3. Right: if a case can be made for Carter's right to repeal the Taiwan treaty, it must be made on the words of the treaty itself, or the understanding of those who adopted it, rather than on an inherent presidential power to repeal treaties. I thought I said that. The word "party" poses, rather than answers, the question. Unless there is some legislative history to the contrary, "party" would seem to mean the United States, acting through its usual constitutional processes, rather than through some special process that (as Mr. Kennedy seems to admit) would be unconstitutional but for the termination power afforded each "party" to the particular treaty.

4. It is emphatically *not* a "universally recognized principle" that either side can terminate a treaty, when the treaty does not provide for its own termination—not, at least, on this side of the Iron Curtain. See, e.g., Vienna Convention of the Law of Treaties, art. 56 (1969). Mr. Kennedy is wrong when he says that the Taiwan treaty's termination provision must confer some *extraordinary* power of termination. And even if it did, why the Executive? Why not the Congress acting alone? W not the Joint Chiefs of Staff? Why me?

5. The difference between an Execut act and a Legislative act in public law analogous to the difference between a of administration and of disposition private law. The President must see tc that the laws, including treaties, are fai fully executed. That is a trust, a hou keeping power. I don't believe it inclu the power to dispose of the thing be administered, when the will of the l making body can easily be determined.

6. Did the Senate that ratified the T wan treaty intend to delegate to the Pre dent the power to terminate the treat Where is the evidence? Even if such delegation was attempted, it might held unconstitutional, for the same reas that the Senate could probably not de gate in advance its power of *ratificati* of future treaties to the President or a body else: checks and balances are to observed, not delegated away.

Grover Rees
New Orleans, L

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Masterpiece

In "The Week" [Jan. 19] you mention that, although our government had r purchased any .45 auto pistols in 33 yea it was still buying holsters for them. you had done a little research you wou have found that when John Moses Brow ing designed the model 1911 pistol, he c signed what is regarded as the most re able, and most durable, service pistol ev made. The .45 government model do *not* wear out. Some pistols have fired many as twenty thousand rounds of a munition without a failure. During W II, Colt, Remington-Rand, Singer, Itha and Union Switch & Signal made nea two million government-model pistols.

Given the quality of the pistols, and t fact that military pistols are defens weapons (as are all service-type pistol it is not surprising that one of Jo Browning's masterpieces will wear c many holsters. Steel usually does wear c leather.

Roy L. Wils
Harlem, G

Addendum

Some columns ago ["The Protracted Co flict," March 2], I wrote about the w dom of the Swiss writer, Felix Soma I am indebted to a reader, whose nai I read as Frank Gannon, for the inform tion that Somary's great work was (as was not aware) translated and was pu lished in 1952 by Knopf as a Bor Book, under the title, *Democracy at Bi* Belated thanks, Mr. Gannon (if I ha correctly read your handwriting).

Brian Croz
Lond

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A big question in Republican political circles is whether the sudden prominence of **John Connally** will force **Ronald Reagan** to jump officially into the presidential race earlier than planned. "Reagan's advisors will ignore that question," say **Evans & Novak**, "at their peril." . . . Big Jawn's agents are everywhere. In the past fortnight, Sen. **Thad Cochran**, the first Republican to be elected to the Senate from Mississippi since Reconstruction, has declared for Connally, and **Haley Barbour**, Reagan's Southern coordinator in '76, has also signed up with Connally. . . . Alabama's best known Republican, former Postmaster General **Winton Blount**, has joined Connally's campaign staff. . . . And it's reported that Connally's men have made overtures to Gen. **Alexander Haig** suggesting a possible Connally (Texas, Baptist)–Haig (Northeast, Catholic) ticket. . . . On another front, **George Bush** is now putting together a powerful campaign staff made up of both conservatives and liberals. **David Keene**, former Reagan Southern coordinator, former staffer of **James Buckley**, will be a top aide, as will **Charles Snyder**, **George Wallace**'s campaign manager in two presidential campaigns. On the more liberal side, Bush has signed up **Pete Teeley** of the Republican National Committee and **Susan Morrison** of the Democratic National Committee as publicists. . . . Everyone seems agreed that when **Jack Kemp** failed to announce his candidacy on April 16, following a laudatory segment on *60 Minutes* the night before, it probably meant that he had decided not to go for the Number One job. Possible alternatives, Sen. **Jacob Javits**' seat, or (it now looks as if Javits will run) a vice presidential nod.

■ **Evan Dobelle**, **Jimmy Carter**'s campaign manager, says Carter will enter every primary next year and seek delegates in every state caucus or convention. Treasurer **John Dalton** hopes to have campaign chest of over $11 million by year's end. . . . Carter faces tough going in New Hampshire next February. A Dump Carter group (New Hampshire Democrats for a New Democratic President in 1980) has been organized and will probably back a write-in campaign for **Ted Kennedy**. . . . New Hampshire's Democratic Sen. **John Durkin** (who appears on every list of vulnerable officeholders) is hostile to Carter also. . . . And **Billy Carter** is out after his drying-out cure (*Washington Post* headline: "Billy: Water Can Be Drank Straight"). Drunk or sober, Billy is irrepressible. Asked if he was an embarrassment to his brother, he replied, "No more than some of his foreign-policy positions are an embarrassment to me."

Punch, *Langdon* Rothco

"I move our Union's contribution to the Election Fund be as derisory as their pay offer."

■ Want to know who is the most liberal senator? *Politics Today* has devised its own rating system on the basis of the ACA and ADA ratings over the last six years, removing all votes it considers non-ideological (i.e., B-1 bomber, aid to NYC), and has rated the Senate from one (perfect liberal) to one hundred (perfect conservative). The liberals, *in order*: **Edward Kennedy** (Mass.), **John Culver** (Iowa), **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio), **Harrison Williams** (N.J.), **Edmund Muskie** (Me.)—Democrats all. The conservatives, in order: **Jesse Helms** (N.C.), **Barry Goldwater** (Ariz.), **Orrin Hatch** (Utah), **Strom Thurmond** (S.C.), **Harry Byrd** (Ind., Va.—member of the Democratic caucus). Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** is close to the center but veering right (57); Minority Leader **Howard Baker** is right up in conservative territory (77). . . . Incidentally the movement in Congress is indeed to the right. According to the ADA, **George McGovern** has gone from a rating of 100 per cent to 75 percent in five years; freshman Sen. **Gary Hart** (McGovern's 1972 campaign manager) has moved from 94 per cent to 65 per cent in five years.

■ The Kremlin has sent its hired hand to the UN to do its bidding. Cuban delegate **Raul Roa-Kouri** has demanded the ouster of the representative of the **Pol Pot** government from the UN. . . . The French magazine *L'Express* is calling the recent tightening of controls in China "**the Peking spring.**" . . . *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder**, in London to cover the British elections, complains: "No one told me that **Margaret Thatcher** is really Jack Kemp dressed up to look like **Mrs. Miniver.**" . . . And the least likely to be believed report of the year: "Canadian Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** has let it be known that he won't read his wife **Margaret**'s biography."

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THE WEEK

■ President Diocletian professes to be "disturbed" by the latest jump in inflation, not enough to stop inflating, but enough to threaten to "expose" those companies allegedly not complying with his Edict. To find out what will happen next, check Roman history, c. A.D. 301.

■ Rumor has it that the 1980 Democratic Convention will be held in Dallas, erstwhile City of Dreadful Night, Assassination Central, to which JFK went because his managers told him he *needed* Texas. Dallas, the only place in the nation that voted more heavily than Orange County for Barry Goldwater. Why, of all places, are the Democrats thinking of Dallas? Well, because in 1976 Carter rotted west of the Mississippi, ran strongly in the South, won by a hair in Texas, and squeaked into the Oval Office with what he could add from the East. In 1980, as Democratic strategists see it, Carter looks strong in the District of Columbia and Rhode Island, that's about it, and to have any sort of prayer must carry Texas, just for starters, Texas, which, as of now, he'd lose to the Ayatollah. Therefore a Dallas Convention, a lot of splash, and perhaps some good local PR; and hope, and hope.

■ Speaker Tip O'Neill, pausing from his depredations in Washington for yet another European junket, offered the British some curbstone views on Ulster. The British had made a "political football" of it, said the statesman from Massachusetts. Then Governor Hugh Carey of New York suggested that economic sanctions be employed against Britain if it doesn't pull its troops out of Ulster. These sirloin-faced pols instantly united Dublin, London, Labor, Conservative, Callaghan, and Thatcher in a loud chorus: SHUT UP, CLOWNS.

■ Mr. Carter's new speechwriter, Rick Hertzberg, a veteran of *Time* and *The New Yorker*, is, speechwise, a cut above the old hands, Bob Shrum, Pat Anderson, Bernie Aronson; and has already contributed, for better or worse, the motto, "New Foundation," and a couple of well-built phrases, the likes of which, in large enough doses, may shrive Mr. Carter's public image of its unholy illness, *delirium loquandi*. Not inconsiderable are the powers of the ghost. A quiet turn of phrase that escapes the tin ears of the commissars may wave red flags to the cognoscenti of seven continents, and an avowed socialist, as Hertzberg is, must rejoice in the chance to send his brain-waves into the councils of state. But uneasy lies the hack that cues the crown, for the poet is only, as Shelley said, the *un*acknowledged legislator, and what fiery heart will long submit to censorship by the hired hands of peanut farmers? Hertzberg will serve Carter well, for a year or so, and then resign.

■ The House of Representatives faces a knotty legal question in what to do about the Hon. convicted felon in its midst, Representative Charles Diggs (D., Mich.). The argument is not whether Mr. Diggs can go on representing his district while appealing his conviction on 29 felony counts of mail fraud and payroll padding; he can. Rather, it is whether the House ought to take some sort of action to tell Mr. Diggs formally that he's been naughty. The House Ethics Committee tackled this toughie briskly and decisively by announcing that it will soon consider a "statement of alleged violations," and if it finds any, it may schedule disciplinary hearings, at which Mr. Diggs could face misconduct charges, if he's not already in the slammer by then.

■ The trend toward corporate financing of chairs of free-market economics at universities continues apace, despite opposition from an unexpected quarter. Milton Friedman comes right out with it: "It goes against the fundamental idea of a university to have people appointed in order to promote certain sets of ideas. Should there be a Chair of Marxian Economics . . . of Social Democratic Economics . . . of New Deal Economics?" Let scholars be appointed on the basis of their attainments, he says, and the truth will be served in the long run. Cardinal Newman would have applauded. But the universities a century ago were not propaganda swamps; today there are indeed professoriats of Keynesianism, Marxism, Chinese Whateverism. Friedman is on the right track when he calls for higher standards in the appointment of professors, but this is one of those rare incidents in which he allows (in one of his favored phrases) "the best to be the enemy of the good." Academic credential-making can't be purified overnight, but a Chair of Freedom can be financed to counterbalance the Chair of Socialism; and the sooner the better.

■ Here's news. The economic policies of the Pinochet government in Chile are "bearing fruit in the form of reduced inflation, higher production, and internal order." Amazing stuff. Where? The *New York Times*.

■ Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, one of two black candidates for Prime Minister of Rhodesia, praised the elections the morning after the balloting stopped. Later in the day, he looked at the returns and charged "gross irregularities"—irregularities being defined, presumably, as lopsided turnouts for his opponent. His complaint follows a long democratic tradition, the post-election slogan of all losers, "We wuz robbed." A more important tradition, in successful democracies, is the willingness of all sides to abide by the decision of the electorate. Sithole believes in free elections—or at least he believed in them enough to participate in one. Freedom House, whose team

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

As you all remember from high-school civics, our Constitution prescribes four branches of government—the legislative, the executive, the judiciary . . . and the independent agencies. Laws are passed by the legislature, implemented by the executive, interpreted by the judiciary . . . and administered by the independent agencies. There are serious students of government who will argue that regulation accounts for 90 per cent of the state's real power. These independent agencies are accountable to . . . to whom?

This question interests just about nobody in your nation's capital. If we were given to Birchite rhetoric, we would grab for the phrase "conspiracy of silence." Even Nader's Bombers, who will mimeograph any statement that *rhymes* with Open or Accountable or Public, are attracted by other, more nubile opportunities. Agency accountability is a non-issue, except for those awkward moments on the Hill when a green congressman bellows at an egregiously arrogant bureaucrat, "Wait a minute! Are you part of the executive branch or the legislative branch?" The answer to that question, on the Hill, is, "We're part of the executive branch, Congressman." At the White House, confronted with a frustrated Chief Executive, the agency-type answers, "We're part of the legislative branch, Mr. President."

Most of the savvy bureaucrats (no, not a purely oxymoronic term) have discovered that tiny fissure between the two branches of government, the Administration and the Congress, and have succeeded over the years in wedging themselves into it. They are part of neither branch and are thus extra-constitutional and beyond the restraining influence of constituted authority. They are accountable—I think we can say *literally*—to nobody outside their own self-perpetuating organizations.

We were reminded of this widely unremarked phenomenon when skimming a new book by Jack Anderson, *Confessions of a Muckraker*. Consider this passage: "For the past four of those nine years, my mentor's [the late horsewhippee, Drew Pearson] domestic obsession had been to expose the Eisenhower White House for subverting the independent agencies, which were charged with protecting the public from special-interest greed, into fixers for the politically favored greedy." Ignore the prose. Try to focus on what Anderson is trying to say. He is accusing the President of the United States, elected by the people, of trying to *subvert* the Federal Government. It is an omnipresent asseveration that slides by with only cursory examination. Anderson is by no means alone in acting as if the "independent" agencies really do carry constitutional birth certificates. The press in general and much of the conditioned public seem to forget that these "independent" agencies are bureaucratic bastards, fathers unknown.

One of Jack Anderson's own domestic obsessions, meanwhile, shared by the *Washington Post* and other riders in the media posse, was a campaign to expose Richard Nixon's "takeover" of the federal bureaucracy. The "agent" of that "subversion" was one Fred Malek, a White House aide who—hold your breath now—actually recommended people loyal to the President for positions in government. Thanks to Anderson's vigilance, we learned that, far from an idle notion, this plan was actually put into effect, and known Nixon sympathizers actually found jobs at the very highest levels of government.

If you haven't heard much on the subversion story of late, it's precisely for the reason that comes first to mind. Jimmy Carter couldn't find a fissure with both hands and a flashlight. As the *National Journal* puts it, more charitably: "The link between politics and patronage is well established. Nevertheless, the Carter Administration was slow to appreciate the political implications of the high-level government jobs at its disposal." In other words, it occurred to the good ole boys none too swiftly that they were supposed to be running the government. The bureaucrats never asked for any guidance, the whole city seemed damn-near incomprehensible, and everybody was getting paid. So what's to worry?

But trouble looms. The *Journal* reports that White House aides are now convinced that "many of the officials appointed at the discretion of Cabinet secretaries were not attuned to President Carter's philosophy or not qualified for their jobs." The process of discovery is no doubt painful. It begins early in the morning in Bethesda or Arlington, with a story in the *Post*. The sleepy White House aide, a rapidly aging young man who was With Carter Before New Hampshire, Dammit, blinks repeatedly, but the story will not go away. There is no mistake: the bleeping bureaucrat is sticking it to Jimmy again. The aide shakes his head and says bitterly to himself: "We put that stumblebum in a fancy job and look at the thanks we get."

In that moment the counter-revolution begins. And with it the *hubris* of the modern Presidency, the urge to run the Federal Government. —CATO

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of observers included Allard Lowenstein and Bayard Rustin, concluded that Rhodesia's election was freer than those "in most underdeveloped countries." Rhodesia is opposed by a host of enemies (not least in Foggy Bottom and Whitehall) who are determined to see its democratic experiment fail. Sithole, having satisfied the first tradition, should conform to the second. Not long ago, Sithole was passing ammunition around to armed revolutionaries. Now he is passing ammunition to the Andrew Youngs of this world.

■ The *Messiah* has just received what is, as far as anyone can recall, its first Moscow performance since the Russian Revolution. It was, however, performed in German, with program notes calling it a "hymn to the people, not to the Lord. In fact, the people themselves become their own messiah." Not exactly a Solzhenitsyn revelation, but one of those moments in which a regime's slight self-improvement amounts to a vivid self-exposure.

■ Kurt Waldheim, Secretary General of the UN, is feeling the pinch. The U.S. donation is blocked (thanks to Senator Helms's amendment to the State Department appropriations bill last fall), and since the U.S. donation

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has amounted to about one-quarter of the total UN budget, Waldheim has a point when he says that if this keeps up the UN will be in financial "chaos." For thirty years now the UN has been the Mother of Chaos—military, moral, intellectual, political, social—and one might have expected it to handle a small transaction in its own issue. But money! That's different. That's hitting 'em where they live, limousines, penthouses, servants, travel, enormous and *tax-free* salaries. DPL plates, *und so weiter, ja, Kurt?* A little more chaos, and the UN can be turned into a fine apartment building, which, as almost no one remembers, it was designed to be, in a bygone day when skeptics could find work, just in case the dream-bubble burst. The new digs should be named Helms Plaza.

■ The Swedish Parliament has made it illegal for parents to spank their children. Or to treat them in what the government deems any humiliating way. Reports John Vinocur of the *New York Times*: "The Ministry of Justice is planning its biggest public-relations effort to advance what it views as a campaign of consciousness-raising. Included will be videotapes for children on their rights and brochures for parents on their obligations." The vote was 259 to 6. What's needed is a vote authorizing children to spank members of parliament.

■ HOW TO FIGHT THE RUSSIANS AND WIN DEPARTMENT: The U.S. Army, disturbed by its lagging recruitment of females, has lowered the passing score on its mental tests from 50 to 31 on a scale of 100. The service explains that this does not mean a lowering of standards, only an expansion of "Army . . . opportunities for young women," who presumably aren't bright enough to make the Civilian Conservation Corps. Antisocial wags, however, have been overheard referring to the "Monstrous Regiment of Dumb Broads."

■ Congrats to Leonid Brezhnev, winner of the Lenin Prize for Literature for his autobiographical trilogy, *Little Land, Rebirth*, and *Virgin Lands*. Long known as a canny and controversial political figure, Mr. Brezhnev was something of a dark horse in the literature category. Even those of us who have differed with his politics—and *NR* offers no apologies for its frequent criticisms of him—must concede that it is rare indeed for a public figure of his stature to reveal, or to have found the time to cultivate, gifts of this kind. To appreciate the size of his achievement, imagine Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, or Jimmy Carter winning a National Book Award.

■ Lee and Michelle Marvin (no kin) met during the filming of *Ship of Fools*. And it came to pass that they betook themselves unto his Malibu Beach house. And she did cleave unto him, and did beseech him to take her in marriage. But he said unto her, We don't need no piece of paper, baby, we've got something that's real. Having the which she forsook all others, and forbore to sing for her living, and lived with him, preparing his mess and his bed. And she did say unto him, Lee, I'm pregnant. And he said unto her, We don't need kids, baby, we've got something better. And she went unto a physician of the town, and destroyed the child, and rendered herself barren for his sake. And lo, he grew weary of her, and departed from her, saying, So long, sucker. Thus were fulfilled the words of the prophet, that said, Experience keepeth a dear school, but a fool will learn in no other.

■ Paul Guilbert, 17, of Cumberland, R.I., an avowed homosexual, wanted to take a male escort to his high school junior prom, whereupon, predictably, an eruption of publicity. Homosex rights and parents' rights collided when Guilbert's parents refused permission, thus letting the school off the hook, whew, and forestalling an ACLU suit on Guilbert's behalf. "All I wanted to do was go to the prom," said Guilbert, preparing to picket: and if you believe that you'll believe anything.

■ The Indiana General Assembly is working on legislation that would allow married couples to get legally divorced one day a year, which would allow them to take advantage of the lower rates for single people on their federal income taxes. Hope it works.

■ New bumper-sticker in California: Nuke the Whales.

■ Quick solution to the abortion problem: Declare human babies to be an endangered species.

SALT: Tune In to Next Week's Exciting Chapter

Like an old-time Western movie serial, SALT grinds inexorably toward a conclusion which the scriptwriters keep postponing because they can't seem to get it right. After months of being "close, closer," with only minor details remaining, we seem still to be stalled on "details" such as definition and control of new ICBM development and the enciphering of missile telemetry. This last is most important because it symbolizes what is fast becoming the treaty's most sensitive issue—verification, which everyone understands better than esoteric formulae concerning "throw-weight," "fractionation," and regional versus strategic ranges. The fate of the treaty in the Senate may hang on this issue. For the Administration, in the wake of the loss of two prime monitoring stations in Iran, this means leading from weakness.

CIA Director Turner says his agency can "monitor,"

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They've poked behind the woodwork;
They've peered beneath the stove.
They've searched each attic hiding-place
Till Alfred Kahn turned mauve.
There's no one in the woodshed
Or on the porch. (Yoo-hoo!)
But they'll keep sniffing, since they can't
Decide what else to do.

W. H. VON DREELE

but cannot accept responsibility for "verification," which he describes as a "meaningless question" and bucks to Congress and the President. This can only mean that verification poses a political question to which CIA has no meaningful answer. To smooth over Turner's estimate that it would require four to five years to recover the intelligence capability lost in Iran, Defense Secretary Brown observed that the SALT-related part of that capability could be recovered in one year. Not very strong words in support of a treaty to be presented to the Senate *this* year. Senator Glenn, a natural supporter of SALT, has said, "The Senate is not going to buy any unverifiable treaty. . . . We're not going to accept on faith that they are going to live up to it."

But this is what is at issue in the last-minute tussle over enciphering of missile telemetry. The Soviet position is to assure us that they will not encipher when this would impede the verification of SALT provisions. Who will decide? They will, and we know from SALT I experience that the USSR regards "national technical means" as a limiting rather than a liberating formula for verification. China's offer to use *our* equipment to monitor and then to share the results with us may contain a glimmer of something in the far future, but it is not helpful in the present context.

Will the treaty be ratified? At this moment its prospects are dim, but, once it is signed, many senators will begin to feel the pressure of loyalty plus reluctance to defeat an Administration on a major treaty. If the odds against SALT ratification continue to rise as attention focuses on the weakness of our verification capability, at what point will SALT pass the point of diminishing returns, the point at which the Administration has more to lose from the prospect of defeat in the Senate than to gain from the prospect of victory? No doubt the Administration is too close to the treaty, too heavily committed, to be able to stand back and see SALT in this perspective.

President Carter surely sees himself as the captain of a ship with which he would go down if necessary rather than desert while it's sinking. But make no mistake about it, these are the stakes. Mention is being made of the defeat of the League of Nations in 1919 and the ruination of the Wilson Administration. But if the verification issue continues to undermine the treaty, the Administration will be driven to raising the specter of an emasculated U.S. Government in a dangerous world. Paul Nitze has rightly pointed out that defeat of the treaty without a change of trends in the strategic balance serves no useful purpose. This places a moral responsibility on the Senate to act cautiously. But it also places a responsibility on the Administration not to present to the Senate a treaty that cannot be ratified on its merits; and verification is of the essence of the merits.

There is something to be said for the idea that the Administration could have strengthened both itself and the U.S., at home and abroad, by rejecting all compromise on verification and making a Soviet refusal to sign the treaty the vehicle for postponing SALT II until we are in a stronger position or the Russians are more cooperative. More palatable to the Administration, however, would be negotiation with the Senate of a few cosmetic amendments that might be accepted by the Soviet Union. This is the most likely course, but, unfortunately, it sidesteps the fundamental questions: a) What is our strategy in the face of the Soviet grasp for strategic superiority? and b) Does SALT II serve that strategy? (See also "Fire One on SALT," p. 612.)

Blood on the Wind

The lifted head, the tingling nostril, the straining ear —all the marks of startled deer are being assumed by liberal Senate Democrats as they whiff the lessons of the 1978 election. Eleven Democratic incumbents stood in that election; five—Anderson, Clark, Haskell, Hathaway, McIntyre, liberals all—fell. Twenty-four will be up for election in 1980.

Frank Church (D., Idaho) accordingly led a phalanx of Senate liberals in backing Jesse Helms's effort to restore prayer in the schools. Patrick Leahy (D., Vt.) sniffed at such cravenness as "a temporary aberration"; but he joined Helms in co-sponsoring a "taxpayer's bill of rights." John Durkin (D., N.H.) has a van full of staffers prowling New Hampshire, attending to the complaints of constituents.

The word is trickling down to the sutlers and the aides-de-camp. Columnists Germond and Witcover interviewed two veterans of a liberal Boston consulting firm. "The old liberal catchwords are dangerous," declared Tom Kiley. "Any traditional liberal who goes out there in 1980 and campaigns as a traditional liberal will probably get his head blown off." "We're sitting in a conservative sea," agreed John Marttila, Kiley's partner. Or rather, former partner. The firm has disbanded.

"The symbols that worked for them don't work now,"

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concludes an advisor of a liberal Democrat, quoted in the *New York Times*. "Ten years ago you were a good guy if you voted $100 million for Head Start. But that doesn't work any more."

Obscene Profits for Ayatollahs And Taxes for Texas

The Environmental Protection Agency has proposed a new series of regulations that will more than eat up any extra profits from oil price decontrol. Drilling muds, oil production brines, and crude oil residue are to be classified as "hazardous waste." If the EPA's proposed regulations are enacted, the American Petroleum Institute estimates the cost to the oil and gas drilling industry at $10.8 billion a year, and to the oil and gas production industry at $34.7 billion a year. To put things in perspective, that's about $6 billion more than our imported-oil bill for 1978.

In its financial analysis of the 27 largest petroleum companies, the Chase Manhattan Bank reports that the companies paid $28 billion in income taxes in 1977, "almost twice the amount remaining to the group as net income." Adding $10 billion in production, severance, and Social Security taxes brings the group's total direct tax bill to "$38 billion, an effective tax rate of 72 per cent on net income before all taxes." The government is already reaping windfalls from the oil companies.

What President Carter needs is a better perspective on American interests. We fall all over ourselves to pay the latest price increase of an Iranian Ayatollah whose cadres run around murdering the officials of a former government that was our ally. We get 3.83 per cent of our oil from Iran. At the same time, the Administration dreams up excess-profit taxes for Texas, which provides 20 per cent of our oil supply; for Louisiana, which provides 10 per cent; for Alaska, which provides 8 per cent; for California, which provides 7 per cent. Maybe one day the President will wake up and send a friendly mission to Abilene and Shreveport. The point is not to increase taxes, it is to increase domestic oil and gas supplies. That *shouldn't* be so hard for Jimmy Carter to understand.

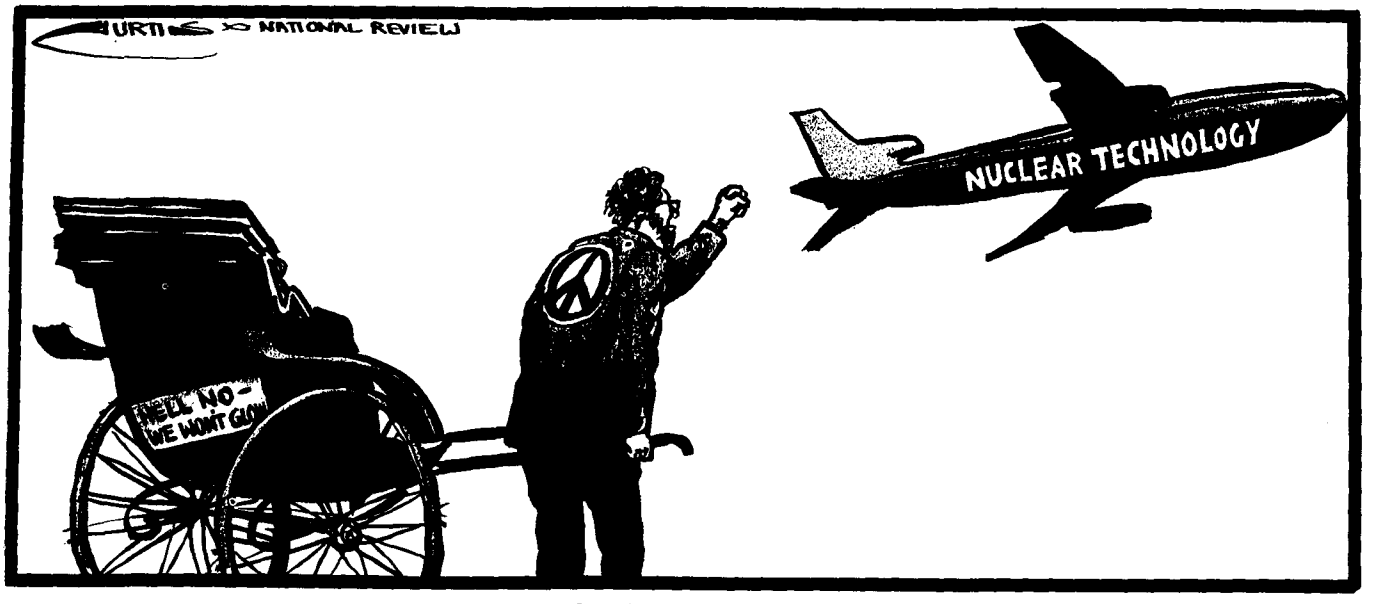
Punishing Savers

The once-powerful U.S. economy is wound down, says Harvard economist Martin Feldstein, because of a lack of savings. In 1978 personal saving was only 3.6 per cent of gross national product. Corporate saving was only 1.3 per cent of GNP. Added together, only 4.9 per cent of the gross national product was saved, less than two-thirds of the savings rate in 1967.

And even this low rate is an overstatement, because it does not take into account the public's losses on government bonds. The 9 per cent inflation reduced the real value of these holdings by $45 billion. When the private savings rate is adjusted for this loss, it comes to less than 3 per cent of GNP.

The savings rate is so low because it simply doesn't pay to save. A middle-income person in the 30 per cent tax bracket would get to keep only 5.6 per cent on an account that paid 8 per cent. After adjusting for the 9 per cent inflation in 1978, that person lost 3.4 cents of every dollar he saved.

On the other hand, if that same person borrowed money at 10 per cent, he paid only 7 per cent after tax, or 2 per cent less than the rate of inflation. The real cost of borrowing, after the interest is deducted for tax pur-



The China Syndrome

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Jimmy Sings 'Moonlight Bay'

We were sailing along
On Cam Ranh Bay.
I could hear the Russians sing-ing;
They seemed to say:
"We have stolen the part
You used to play,"
As I wondered what went wro-ong
On Cam Ranh Bay.

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poses, was negative. Thus, the incentives are to borrow and to consume, not to save.

Economies that don't save can't grow. They cannot accommodate a growing work-force and provide rising real wages. They lack the productivity to keep union wage demands from pushing up costs. Such economies become mired in stagflation.

The only way to beat the rap, says Professor Feldstein, is to cut the tax rates on saving and investment.

As we all know, Congress is not rushing to pass a tax cut for the people. Taxes are not really so bad, say the spending kings on the Hill, Indeed, chime in the liberal economists, the government is not taking any larger share of the GNP in taxes than it was twenty years ago.

The "Laffer Curve," which suggests that reducing tax rates would gain revenue for the government while raising tax rates diminishes it, is said by opponents to be one of the myths of the tax revolt movement. Not so, say economists Robert Genetski and Young Chin of the Harris Bank in Chicago. In a study comparing the economic growth rates of the fifty states to changes in their tax burdens, Genetski and Chin find that states that cut taxes experience above-average economic growth, while the economic decline of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Jersey, and Massachusetts is "related to the sharp increases in their relative tax burden." Their study concludes that "those states which are successful in cutting relative tax burdens will experience higher economic growth than the nation as a whole, while those states which do not reduce their relative tax burdens are likely to suffer below-average economic growth."

The Afghan Maquisards

Watching the spread of rebellion against the Soviet-supported Marxist regime of Afghanistan excites both admiration and sadness. Admiration for the bravery and determination of poor, illiterate mountain tribesmen who, largely unaided, are making parts of the country untenable for government forces. Sadness that, given the sparse population, the topography, and the isolation of the rebels, the revolt probably cannot succeed without taking Kabul, where the Russian-encadred army is overwhelming and the Soviet commitment is, in the words of the Marxist Prime Minister, "to protect the Afghan revolution."

These rebelling tribes are the same people who preserved their country's independence through three Anglo-Afghan wars from 1838 to 1919 and, after World War I, negotiated their own neutral independence with Britain. But dealing with the Soviets in their ascendancy along their central Asian frontier is not the same as dealing with the casual, liberal British at the beginning of their long, weary, gentlemanly descent from Empire in India. Today's rebellion could liberate wide mountainous sectors but then fail to overthrow Kabul. As long as the regime, supported by the Soviets, controls Kabul, a few key towns (hardly cities), and logistical access from the USSR, it can afford to wait and patiently reduce the isolated rebellious areas, one by one. Some believe Afghanistan could become Russia's Vietnam; but Afghanistan is not 10,000 miles from the USSR, and the rebels are not on the receiving end of an arms cornucopia such as the Soviet one which gorged the Vietcong and Hanoi with everything from sidearms to heat-seeking surface-to-air missiles.

What we may be about to witness is another demonstration that the expansion of Soviet power by land around its own perimeter is an inexorable, one-way process. Still—the heart does leap.

Score: Zero

In his syndicated column, Jeffrey Hart points to the Left's galloping disillusionment with Castro. To be sure, it was a half-decade ago that prominent leftists, led by Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, renounced Castro for his torture of a dissident poet. But maybe this time the campaign will take. Mr. Hart quotes, for instance, the Spanish writer Juan Goytisolo, writing in *The New York Review of Books*, the tuning-fork for the fashionable Left:

"The taboo in the Hispanic world concerning the Cuban revolution is reminiscent of the old left-wing taboo against criticism of the Soviet Union. . . . The Soviet myth has been demolished, but about Cuba many Spanish socialists and Eurocommunists maintain a prudent silence, practicing self-censorship with an apparently untroubled conscience. The German poet and critic Hans Magnus Enzensberger points out that there exists among the Left 'the firmly rooted habit of people lying, knowing that they are lying.' "

And the French Communist photographer Pierre Golendorf has published an account of his experiences in Cuba from 1967 to 1974. The review by Jeffrey Levi in *Dissent* summarizes:

"A French Communist, Golendorf moved to Cuba in 1967 to participate in what he saw as a true revolution.

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In time, he became discouraged by the problems of the revolution: its huge bureaucracy, economic failures, political repression, and the cult of personality around Fidel. But when he sought to return to France along with his Cuban wife and child, he was denied permission and was arrested as an agent of the CIA. Golendorf's story of the horrendous prison conditions and the 'revolutionary justice' of the Cuban legal system is one that could well have been told by countless others about Cuba—had they had the fortune to escape from Cuba as Golendorf did."

So? As ever, the number of Communist states within which there is freedom and plenty equals: Zero.

Anger Implies Community

John Spenkelink has been sentenced to death. After escaping from prison years ago, he killed a traveling companion in a motel room. Spenkelink said it was self-defense, but the prosecutor convinced the jury that the man had been shot in the back of the head while lying in bed. Condemned, Spenkelink has found other lines of self-defense: he told a television interviewer, in an odd amalgam of double negatives and fashionable cant, that he thinks the death penalty "doesn't deter nobody." He cites himself. That means only that he didn't think he would pay the ultimate price of his crime.

Strange to say, Spenkelink is represented by the NAACP. He is white; his victim was white. But the NAACP holds that the death penalty is discriminatorily enforced against the killers of white people, and is therefore unconstitutional. It is not hard to see where this tortuous argument could wind up: if victims of embezzlement are overwhelmingly and "disproportionately" white, laws punishing embezzlement are unconstitutional. Few if any laws could stand up to this demographic constitutionalism.

A wise interpreter of our Constitution, Walter Berns, makes the real argument for capital punishment in the April *Harper's* (in an extract from his forthcoming book on the subject). Why, he asks, should we punish Nazi war criminals a generation after their victims perished? To make restitution is impossible; rehabilitation and deterrence are beside the point. The real answer is different: "We want to punish them in order *to pay them back*. We think they must be made to pay for their crimes with their lives, and we think that we, the survivors of the world they violated, may legitimately exact that payment because we, too, are their victims. By punishing them, we demonstrate that there are laws that bind men across generations as well as across (and within) nations, that we are not simply isolated individuals, each pursuing his selfish interests and connected with others by a mere contract to live and let live. . . . It is right, morally right, to be angry with criminals and to express that anger

publicly, officially, and in an appropriate manner, which may require the worst of them to be executed."

He continues: "Anger, then, is a very human passion not only because only a human being can be angry, but also because anger acknowledges the humanity of its objects: it holds them accountable for what they do. And in holding particular men responsible, it pays them the respect that is due to them as men. Anger recognizes that only men have the capacity to be moral beings and, in so doing, acknowledges the dignity of human beings. Anger is somehow connected with justice, and it is this that modern penology has not understood; it tends, on the whole, to regard anger as a selfish indulgence." But "if men are not saddened when someone else suffers, or angry when someone else suffers unjustly, the implication is that they do not care for anyone other than themselves." Criminals violate "the foundations of trust and friendship, the necessary elements of a moral community, the only community worth living in. . . . If, then, men are not angry when someone else is robbed, raped, or murdered, the implication is that no moral community exists, because those men do not care for anyone other than themselves."

It is one thing to say that the law can't establish every form of justice or even administer perfectly those forms that are essentially within its competence; another to say that it can never seek to punish justly. Unless it

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can do this, it can do nothing to secure those rights for which, we have been taught, governments are instituted among men. The right Spenkelink violated is also the right he forfeited. That much we know.

Two Milestones

We record, in our tablet-keeper role, two milestones in the campaign against the "arms race."

In December, Riverside Church in New York City held a three-day convocation on "Reversing the Arms Race," Speakers included the Reverend William Sloane Coffin (senior minister at Riverside); Dr. Richard Barnet (Institute for, ahem, Policy Studies); Representative Ronald Dellums (D., Calif.); and Yuri Kapralov (First Secretary of the Soviet so-called embassy). "War just doesn't make sense," Kapralov declared solemnly, "and would serve no practical purpose. I welcome the kind of thing the Riverside Church disarmament program is doing here." No doubt this meeting foreshadows a revival of church activities in Moscow, and the Metropolitan Coffin is to be congratulated.

And what did the press say? At the time: nothing. Four months later, in paragraph 18 of a *New York Times* story headlined "Churches Turning to Arms Race as Top Social Issue for the 1980s," there appeared the following sentences: "Still another stimulus for the movement was a three-day conference last December on 'Reversing the Arms Race' at Riverside Church. It drew participants from across the nation and has been followed by seventy similar events in various states." No Kapralov, no Soviet embassy ("from across the *nation*"); nothing to indicate that the participants were anything other than solid, home-grown democrats.

The essence of a culture, Alfred North Whitehead once remarked, reveals itself not so much in the things that were said at the time as in the things that were not said.

Education: Think about This

Dartmouth Professor Bruce C. Cooper, writing in the Center for Independent Action's *Informs*, has some far-reaching thoughts about public *v.* private schools, and those thoughts have implications that go beyond schooling.

"Much speculation and some evidence," he concluded recently, "suggest that private schools are more effective than their public sector counterparts." He goes on: "Even if public and private schools were roughly equal in performance, public school budgets are double to treble those in the private sector with nothing like that multiple in better results."

Professor Cooper offered no conclusive explanation for the superior performances of the private schools, but he did ask some pertinent questions. "What is it in the milieu of the non-public school that no amount of money or education tampering can replicate? . . . The existence and survival of a non-public school to a large extent depends on its distinct and unique mission. It may be an academic differentness, an ethnic-religious and language one, or even a combination of culture and academics . . . What is the impact of family/student choice-making on satisfaction, learning, participation in extracurricular activities, general support in both public and private schools?"

In social thought as well as in the exact sciences, getting the right answers presupposes asking the right questions, and Professor Cooper has begun to ask them.

Agape, Sí; Eros, Sí

In a flood of pronouncements since his election, Pope John Paul II has stressed doctrine and discipline, has been a shock to Catholic liberals, and has had a dramatic and bracing impact even on that old and cynical city of Rome. He has come out against the ordination of women and a married clergy. He has asked priests and nuns to wear "proper" costume. Vatican dispensations permitting priests to leave the priesthood in order to marry have halted. He has down-played political activism, stressed the pastoral role of the priesthood, and affirmed the importance of confession and communion. Now, in an eloquent letter, he has defined celibacy as central to the priestly vocation. Given John Paul's firmness and clarity, people are responding; the psychological, sociological, and historical reasons are too obvious to require specification.

The Pope has demonstrated a strong sense of *agape*,

Jimmy Writes a Sonnet

In this, another spring of discontent,
I shall retrace my footsteps one more time.
The peanut warehouse money wasn't spent
To flim-flam voters: no sir, not one dime.
Of course, how Billy makes the profits climb
I wouldn't know. Am I my brother's keeper?
Thank God he's drying out—now *that's* no crime,
But what about Bert Lance? Aye, there's the sleeper.
Sometimes I think he chews Virginia Creeper,
And yet I'm proud of him, I think I said.
But, shoot, the cost is truly getting steeper.
Shall I take Teddy out behind the shed?
My mother said if things begin to pall,
I might enjoy Calcutta in the fall.

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the love of God. For much of its modern history, however, the Church has had its difficulties with *eros*, or human love, difficulties not necessarily of a conceptual character, but in practice and in cultural impact.

In the *Inferno*, Dante's illicit lovers, Paolo and Francesca, are very tenderly handled, as if to say that theirs is the least of the sins. Dante, Bernini, Shakespeare, Donne: the artists of the Renaissance had a profound apprehension of the connection between *eros* and *agape*. Yet in its cultural impact, the post-Renaissance Church has tended to drive a wedge between these two deeply connected modes of love. The rationale for the Church's teaching on birth control has been widely unpersuasive; and the teaching itself has been widely perceived as reflecting a skittishness about the erotic.

The strength and virtue of John Paul II are now manifest. He has undertaken a great consolidation. But there remain large areas of modern life to which the Church seems unable to address itself effectively. The task will be difficult; some comfortable yet unconvincing definitions will have to be abandoned; but eventually the issues will have to be faced.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Real nice work, kid. You crank out an issue showing how opposition to nuclear power-generating plants is a Commie plot and . . . uh . . . you get Three Mile Island.

You planning follow-ups? Like how the Shah's government will last one thousand years and how the Japanese will never attack Pearl Harbor?

Ummm?

Sincerely,
Charles O'Neil
Jamaica, N.Y.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has asked permission to reprint ten (t-e-n) articles from our February 2, nuclear power issue.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I refer to your April 13 issue, Vol. XXXI, No. 15, page 467. W. M. Woods of Oak Ridge, Tenn. discusses the multiple negative. In particular he cites the use by literate, educated Frenchmen of multiple negatives, such as "*ne rien pas.*" Please advise W. M. Woods that *no* Frenchman, literate or illiterate, would use *rien* & *pas* together. No other negative (with the exception of the obligatory *ne*) can or is used with *pas*. *C'est tout a fait defendu!* The others—*rien, jamais, personne, plus*, etc.—may be used in multiple combinations, but never *pas*.

Mlle. Joy Alfonsi
Niles, Ill.

Dear Bill:

I might tolerate an ideological aberration, but not an error in French grammar. Please inform your reader, W. M. Woods, that in *ne . . . pas* the second word is not a negative; it is derived from the Latin *passum*, step. *Ne . . . pas* means literally "not a step," it is not a double negative. On the other hand *ne rien pas* (Woods's illustration) would be a double negative and absolutely nobody has ever used it.

Thomas Molnar
New York, N.Y.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: WFR

Not since the day, long ago, when I found an *accent aigu* on *pèlerinage* has my faith in *NR* fallen so low. "*Où*," indeed, to adopt your barbarism, *sont les neiges d'antan?* Certainly not on page 526. I shudder into verse:

You're grave, acute, and circumspect
In accents small; you genuflect
To umlauts—yet it's ominous
You slight the perispomenos.

There's *much* more to say on this, but perish the thought.

P.S. The spirit was Villon, but the circumflesh was weak.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

During our drive back to Lexington, which drive, by the way, I greatly enjoyed, you told us about the blank monument on St. Helena, and went on to quote Napoleon's lament, "Able was I ere I saw Elba." You said that this was the longest palindrome in the English language. I thought that you might get a kick out of some other palindromes, some of which are longer than Napoleon's, but none more elegant.

The libbers had one that went, "Rise, sir lapdog! Revolt, lover! God, pal—rise, sir!" Reminiscent of Ferdinand de Lesseps is "A man, a plan, a canal—Panama." But my very favorite (and, by the way, the longest) goes, "Dennis, Nell, Edna, Leon, Nedra, Anita, Rolf, Nora, Alice, Carol, Leo, Jane, Reed, Dena, Dale, Basil, Rae, Penny, Lana, Dave, Denny, Lena, Ida, Bernadette, Ben, Ray, Lila, Nina, Jo, Ira, Mara, Sara, Mario, Jan, Ina, Lily, Arne, Bette, Dan, Reba, Diane, Lynn, Ed, Eva, Dana, Lynne, Pearl, Isabel, Ada, Ned, Dee, Rena, Joel, Lora, Cecil, Aaron, Flora, Tina, Arden, Noel, and Ellen sinned." I might also throw in for good measure a palindromic sentence in which each separate word is also a palindrome, to wit, "Anna: 'Did Otto peep?' Otto: 'Did Anna?' "

As ever yours,
Robin Little
Centre College of Kentucky
Danville, Kentucky

—WFB

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The Warlike Peace

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

ALL RIGHT, now, has the euphoria died down yet? I hope so, for after a therapeutic deep breath, I am going to take a calm, hard look at President Carter's Arab-Israeli "peace" treaty. My quotation marks do give the game away, I admit, but I am not writing in a willfully disrespectful vein: it really *is* Jimmy Carter's treaty, and Anwar al-Sadat said so. I give the President high marks for trying so hard. The question I address is whether his efforts were not misdirected.

I note, then, that the treaty does seem to make hostilities between Israel and Egypt less likely to start up again, so long as President Sadat is around and in power. I note, too, that Mr. Menahem Begin (by no means the first terrorist turned statesman) has made substantial territorial and other concessions to Egypt. Finally, on the good side, I note that the defection of Egypt from a previously united Arab front (united on Israel, if on nothing else) makes it that much more difficult for the Arabs on the other fronts to launch further aggression, and that much easier for Israel to hit back if they do.

All that is something; or not nothing (so long as Sadat is around and in power, I repeat). But on the bad side, too, there are points to note, and it seems to me that they add up to rather more than just "not nothing." Mr. Carter's National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, got no change out of the other Arab states on his recent tour. The so-called "moderates," Jordan and Saudi Arabia, joined the hard-liners, mainly Syria, Libya, and Iraq, in condemning the treaty as a sellout and condemning Sadat for agreeing to it. Multilateral Arab aid to Egypt, under the Khartoum and Rabat agreements of 1967 and 1973, respectively, ceases forthwith, and it is far from clear whether the Saudis will continue to aid Egypt bilaterally or not. Even Morocco —perhaps the most moderate of the Arab countries—withdrew its ambassador from Cairo, as did six others. There is also a move to close the Arab League headquarters in Cairo.

The list goes on. The Saudi Crown Prince, Fahd al-Saud, said that any treaty which left the Israelis holding any conquered Arab territory and left the Palestinian question unresolved would "dangerously destabilize the entire area." More robustly, Syria's President Hafez al-Assad denounced Sadat as "a traitor to his own people and to the Arab nation" and added, on a threatening note: "Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Sadat has signed his own demise." Yasir Arafat, of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), said much the same thing in even more truculent words. Even King Hussein of Jordan lamented that President Carter, for all his good intentions, was "simply misguided."

Forming Ranks

Add to the list the threatened boycott of and sanctions against Egypt—and the Israeli-Egyptian bill of perhaps $9 billion in additional aid, expected of the U.S.—and you get a pretty expensive peace package. Bear in mind, finally, as part of the background, that Iran has ceased to be a de facto ally of Israel, cutting off the flow of oil and switching its support to the PLO, and my reasons for declining to join in the general euphoria may become clearer.

To be sure, the peace treaty is possibly no worse in its way than the Paris agreements of 1973, which some thought had brought peace to South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia; or than the Laos agreements of 1962, the Cyprus agreements of 1959, or the Indochina agreements of 1954. Each was supposed to have brought peace to a disturbed area, and none did.

So what this column is really about is delusion, self-delusion, and strategic short-sightedness. The pursuit of an abstraction called peace is touchingly tempting to the statesmen of our democracies. The Soviet leaders are well aware of it, and further their aims in this Third World War by calling for peace, by launching peace programs, and by sponsoring the World Peace Council and its many offshoots, certain in the knowledge that Lenin's "useful idiots" will fall for these devices; and that even relatively hard-headed operators, such as Nixon and Kissinger, will feel the need to compete conspicuously in the search for something their peoples instinctively want and the Soviet leaders do not.

President Carter is, I believe, neither a useful idiot nor a hard-headed operator. But his idealism and relative inexperience in the foreign field incline him to seek will-o'-the-wisps like peace and human rights and to neglect the objectives that are the natural duty of the President of the United States and leader of the Western Alliance.

For what is peace? *A* peace may be imposed by a victor or conqueror upon the vanquished, as with the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Versailles. In recent times, as in the examples given earlier, it is normally a device for getting a power (France in 1954; Britain in 1959; the U.S., mainly, in 1962 and 1973) off the hook. The Israeli-Egyptian treaty does not even do that. In common with most of the other peace accords of our time, it leaves the fundamental problems unresolved, so that the peace is one only in name, and possibly in the minds of the signatories and of the host.

The Real Option

More generally, peace is held to be the absence of war—especially, nowadays, of the nuclear war which has hung like a mushroom cloud over all of us since Hiroshima but which may never come because the Soviets are getting what they want in World War III by means other than a nuclear exchange. In this they are helped by the readiness of the man in the White House to go for the (relatively) easy options of a Middle East peace and a SALT treaty instead of the tougher option of standing up to the Soviets and halting them before it is too late.

Among these easier options is the nonsensical one of human rights, so brilliantly dissected in this column by James Burnham. Why nonsensical? Because the President's initial zeal for human rights in the USSR has not been sustained; because a blind eye is turned on the People's Republic of China; and because a deafening silence greets the wave of executions in Iran. In other words, enemies get the benefit of the doubt, and friends (Chile, Argentina, etc.) are denounced. □

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Pay Up... Or Be Fired.

Giles Breaux is a highly decorated ex-GI who fought against tyranny and for freedom in World War II and the Korean War. Today he's fighting again—for his own personal freedom.

This time the battlefield is the California farm where he works—his opponent is Cesar Chavez, who rules the members of his United Farmworkers of America with an iron hand.

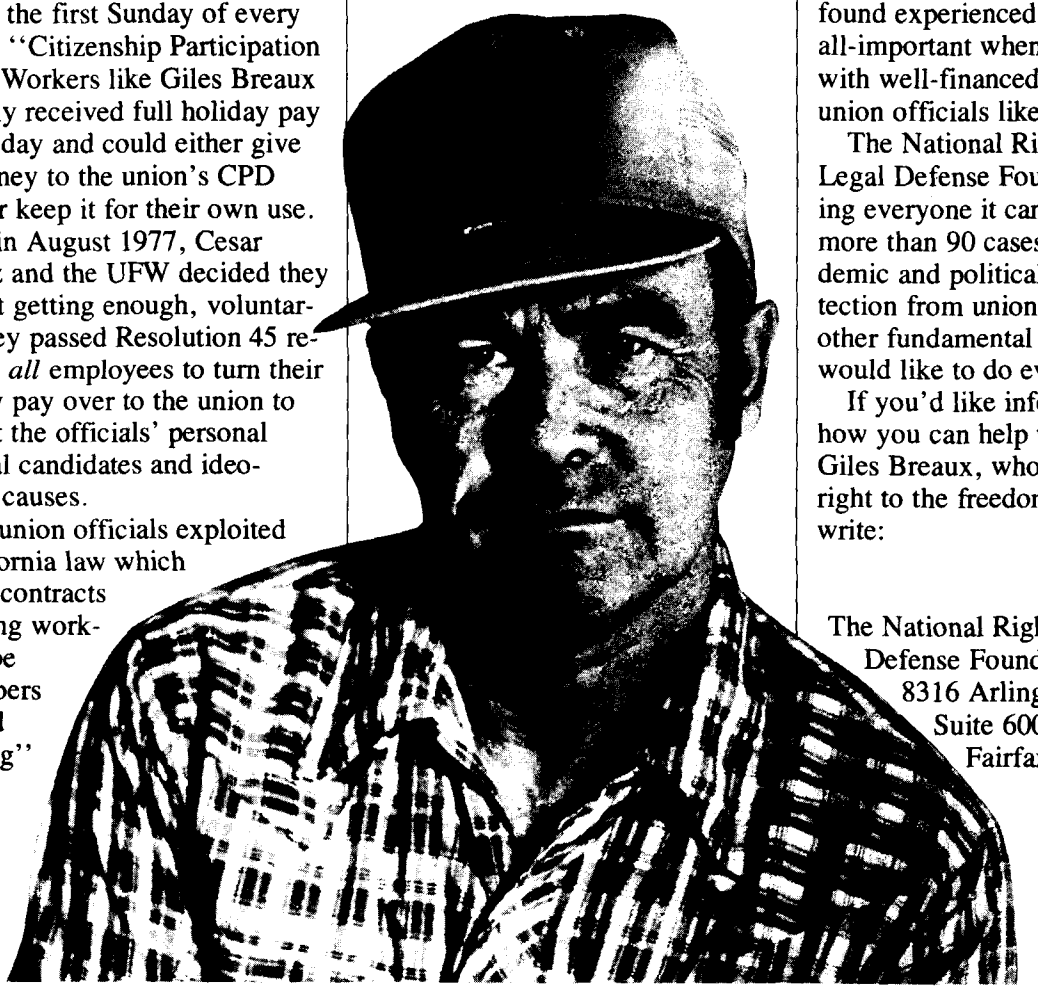
UFW contracts with employers reserve the first Sunday of every June as "Citizenship Participation Day." Workers like Giles Breaux formerly received full holiday pay for the day and could either give the money to the union's CPD Fund or keep it for their own use.

But in August 1977, Cesar Chavez and the UFW decided they weren't getting enough, voluntarily. They passed Resolution 45 requiring *all* employees to turn their holiday pay over to the union to support the officials' personal political candidates and ideological causes.

The union officials exploited a California law which allows contracts requiring workers to be "members in good standing" of a union to keep their jobs. And the union is the sole judge of a "good" member.

The UFW warned Giles Breaux to turn over his holiday pay or run the risk of being declared a member not in good standing. Breaux's answer was to the point: "I have a right to do what I want to with my money." He refused to pay up, and was immediately threatened with being fired.

That's when the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation stepped in and filed suit on behalf of Breaux and 11 other members of the UFW. The Chavez union was charged with oppression, fraud, malice, and violation of the workers' constitutional rights. The suit also asked the court to strike down the California law that allows the union to have absolute power over workers by requiring full union membership as a condition of employment.



Giles Breaux was fortunate. He found experienced legal help—all-important when you're dealing with well-financed power-hungry union officials like Cesar Chavez.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 90 cases involving academic and political freedom, protection from union violence, and other fundamental rights. But it would like to do even more.

If you'd like information on how you can help workers like Giles Breaux, who says, "I have a right to the freedom I fought for," write:

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Suite 600
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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Is This What They Want?

I. What did happen? What have we learned?

MILTON R. COPULOS

On the morning of March 28, the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania experienced the most serious nuclear mishap to date.

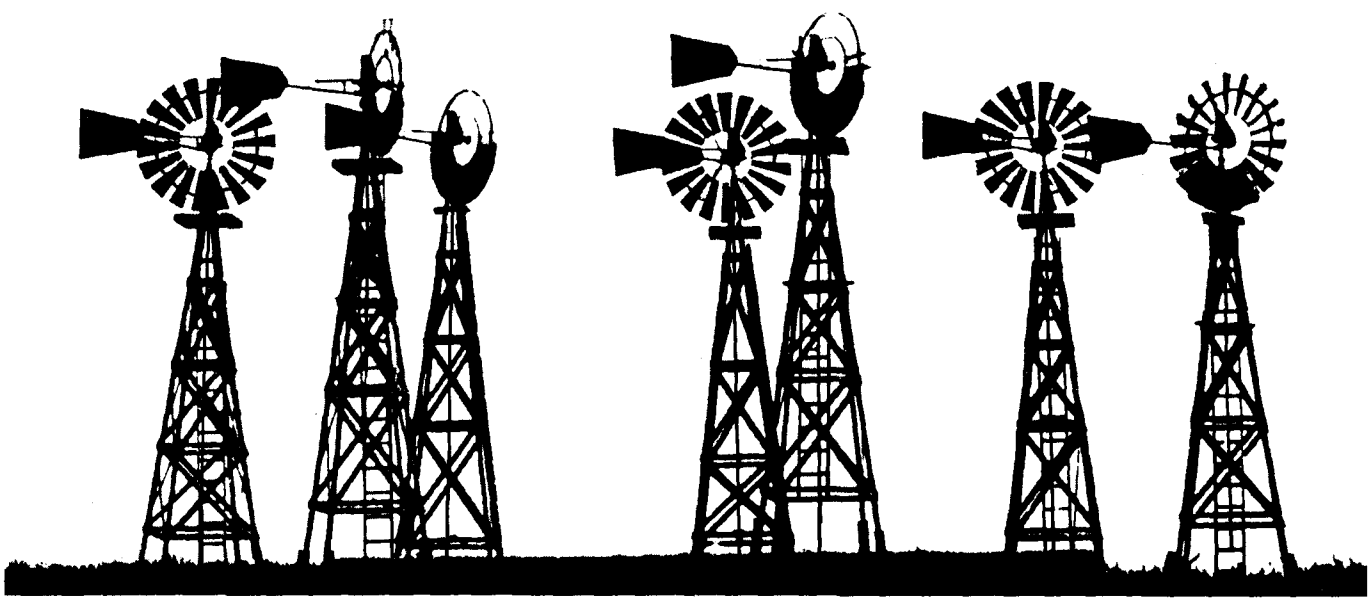
The year had begun poorly enough for nuclear energy. On January 19, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) sent out a press release widely—albeit inaccurately—characterized as a repudiation of the Rasmussen Report, touchstone of pro-nuclear activists. And as soon as that controversy had begun to die down, the NRC closed five nuclear plants in the Northeast because of questions concerning their precautions against seismic disturbances.

The meeting of the OPEC oil ministers briefly reversed the trend. With a 9 per cent across-the-board increase in oil prices and surcharges of up to $4 on a barrel of oil, OPEC instilled renewed interest in the nuclear option. Then came Three Mile Island.

The question most asked by both advocates and critics is: How did it happen? While not all the facts are in yet (and, for that matter, they may never be), a picture is beginning to emerge. We should look on Three Mile Island as a lesson, and a lesson we cannot afford to ignore.

At 3:53 A.M. on March 28, a few residents of Middletown, Pennsylvania were awakened by a sound they compared to the roar of a jet taking off. What they had heard was the venting of steam which signaled the beginning of the struggle to prevent the core of Unit One from melting down. One of the pumps feeding the steam generator had failed, causing a second pump which fed cooling water to the reactor to shut down automatically. This in turn triggered a "turbine trip"—that is, the automatic shutdown of one of the plant's turbines, which occurs whenever the system senses something is wrong. This "turbine trip" automatically opened a valve to release steam pressure, which caused the loud venting heard by the people across the river.

At roughly the same time, yet another valve opened to release radioactive steam into the reactor's containment building. This relieved the pressure mounting within the reactor; and, at this point, the valve should have closed. The reactor's control rods had been automatically "scrammed," or dropped into the core, to stop the chain reaction seconds after the accident had begun, and all other safety features



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were apparently functioning properly. The pressure-relief valve, however, stuck open, and steam continued to pour out of the reactor into a blow-down tank, causing the pressure in the reactor vessel to continue to fall.

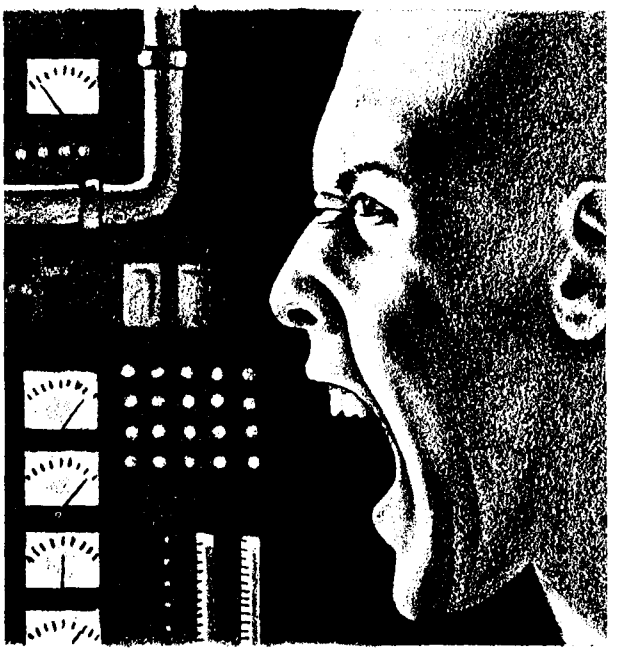
Three auxiliary pumps should have sustained the water pressure. And when the first feedwater pump failed at the beginning of the accident, they did kick in automatically. They failed to drive any water into the cooling system, however, because the valves which would have allowed them to do so had been closed for maintenance. It was this error which made the accident far worse than it otherwise would have been. As Harold Denton of the NRC put it, "There would have been an entirely different outcome if [the pumps] had been operational, as they should have been."

All these events occurred in the first two minutes of the accident. At this point, the situation was still not critical, because the rapid drop in pressure triggered the Emergency Core Cooling System (ECCS). The ECCS could have prevented the accident from growing to major proportions; yet, for some reason, the operator shut off two of the ECCS pumps four and a half minutes after the accident started and shut off the other two six minutes later. The operator seems not to have read the proper gauge though this has not been confirmed. By this time, there were two feet of water on the floor of the reactor containment, and the temperature in the pressure vessel was skyrocketing.

At 4:01, roughly eight minutes after the start of the accident, someone in the control room realized that the valves for the auxiliary feedwater pumps were closed, and opened them. A few minutes later, the ECCS started up again. The situation was now under control, and at this point the core had not been seriously damaged. But once more, human error intervened. An hour and 15 minutes after the accident started, an operator turned off two of the four pumps feeding water to the core, and 25 minutes later he turned off the other two. The only apparent explanation is that the pumps were straining, and he was afraid they would fail altogether. Again the core was partially uncovered, and it remained so for perhaps as long as 15 hours. It was during this period that the real damage occurred, and the seriousness of the situation began to sink in.

At 7:02 A.M., the company notified local civil defense authorities that they had declared a site emergency. Attempts to bring down the temperature of the core continued throughout the morning. At 5:30 P.M. they were able to restart the main cooling pump, and the temperature and pressure began to stabilize.

By 8 A.M. on the day of the accident, the NRC had a direct link with the control room; shortly thereafter it dispatched a team of inspectors to the site. They were the first of hundreds of scientists and engineers who helped manage the crisis; but throughout the affair, there was a tug-of-war between the utility and the NRC over what was to be done and what information should be released to the public. In fact, communications during the initial stages of the emergency were so poor that the governor of Pennsylvania had to rely on AP bulletins to find out what was going on.



If the industry does not take steps to improve internal inspections, Congress will impose them from without

By the weekend, coordination problems had been partly resolved; but a hydrogen gas bubble had formed in the top of the pressure vessel, and there were fears that it could explode. Later calculations, however, proved that the oxygen ratio was never sufficient to allow an explosion, and by late Monday, all parties agreed that the gas bubble had disappeared.

Nagging questions remain.

First is the matter of coordination. It took nearly three days to get emergency activities into full swing, and communications were totally disorganized in the early stages. NRC officials had difficulty even contacting the plant at first because phone lines to Pennsylvania were jammed.

As for the utility, it clearly was not totally honest with the public. Part of the problem was a matter of scale: hundreds of reporters descended on the site, each demanding simple answers to complex questions. The utility, however, did attempt to understate the true seriousness of the situation. There is also no excuse for the safety violations—the shutdown auxiliary pumps, the poorly handled ECCS—which turned a minor accident into a problem of herculean proportions.

The media's performance varied from excellent to out-

Mr. Copulos is with the Heritage Foundation for whom he writes on energy questions. Mr. Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's *and has written several articles about environmentalism.*

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rageous. The outrageousness, of course, was abetted by the conflicting stories coming from the utility and the NRC; only the firm hand of Harold Denton brought some semblance of order to the chaos. It is a gross injustice that a congressional committee saw fit to release transcripts of NRC officials discussing what information to release to the public. One wonders how Representative Toby Moffett would sound if recorded under similar circumstances.

Finally, there is the NRC itself. It must certainly share some of the blame for the accident: it issued the license, certified the operators, and inspected the plant. The NRC announced after the accident began that the utility's personnel seemed "thin." If this was so, why did they license it to operate in the first place?

A number of corrective measures suggest themselves. One is to clarify responsibilities and lines of authority in the event of a serious nuclear accident. The Federal Aviation Authority provides an excellent model. Whenever there is an airline crash, the FAA has complete charge, regardless of what airline is involved. It coordinates all emergency operations, and releases all information. A similar arrangement could be established with the NRC: predesignated experts, familiar with each reactor design, could be kept available at all times to report to an accident site within hours.

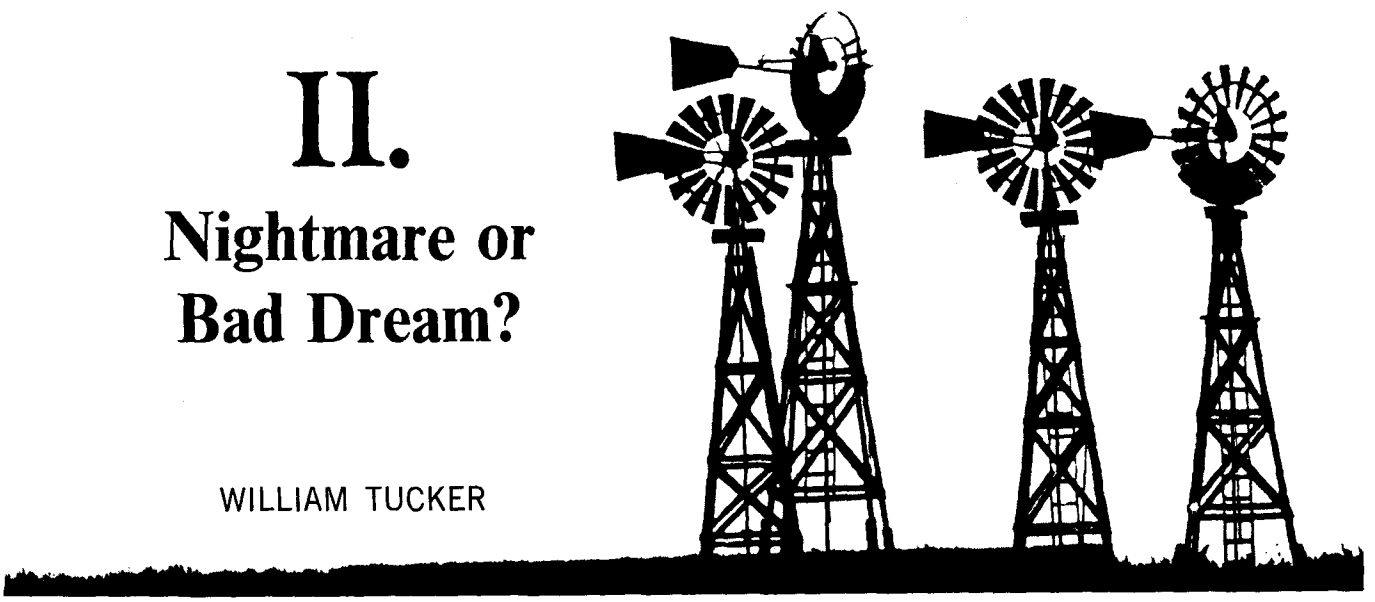
A second area which desperately needs improvement is the licensing process. One of the hidden causes of the Three Mile Island accident is the distraction the NRC has suffered because of environmentalist interventions. By diverting the limited resources of the NRC from genuine safety improvement to minutiae, the anti-nuclear activists did their bit to help cause the accident. The time spent by some NRC engineer calculating the height of the breakwater constructed to protect the Seabrook nuclear plant from tsunamis might better have been spent in developing a more reliable pressure-relief valve.

Finally, the industry must look to itself. Companies which operate nuclear facilities must realize that they have a special responsibility to go an extra mile. Some do—Commonwealth Edison is an excellent example—others do not. If the industry does not take steps to improve internal inspections, Congress will impose them from without.

What happened at Three Mile Island may have momentarily diverted our attention from the OPEC price increase; but OPEC's policy has not changed. Nor has the fact that nuclear plants, properly operated, are safe. What remains is the task of making them safer yet, and of ensuring that the rules and procedures which are the means to that end are followed. □

II.

Nightmare or Bad Dream?



WILLIAM TUCKER

And so it finally happened—the nuclear accident we had all been waiting for. Ralph Nader reported that, only three days before, he had been talking to a friend and had said, "Isn't it strange that there hasn't been a major nuclear accident yet?" Jane Fonda and Jack Lemmon were already packing them in at the box office with the anti-nuclear movement's best imitation of what it would be like, and suddenly it wasn't necessary to go to the movies any more—it was all right there, in your own home, on the TV screen.

First, it seems necessary to pay a few compliments. Lemmon, Fonda, and *China Syndrome* producer and star Michael Douglas, it must be admitted, acted with a great deal of decency. It would have been easy for them to sit gloating on the 7 o'clock news; instead, they canceled several scheduled TV appearances and stayed out of the limelight. Real people were being endangered in a real-life situation, and it was no time to take bows or say, "I told you so." Even Ralph Nader seemed to be able to recognize the difference between rhetoric and reality.

At the same time, it seems obvious that in the future there may not be any need to make movies like *The China Syndrome*—the utility company executives undo themselves every time they open their mouths. Almost as if he were auditioning for a part, Metropolitan Edison Vice President Jack Herbein constantly reassured reporters that "everything is all right" and "the public is not in danger," even as radioactive gases were spewing uncontrollably from the plant and the sketchy reports available from the scene indicated that the situation was obviously not under control.

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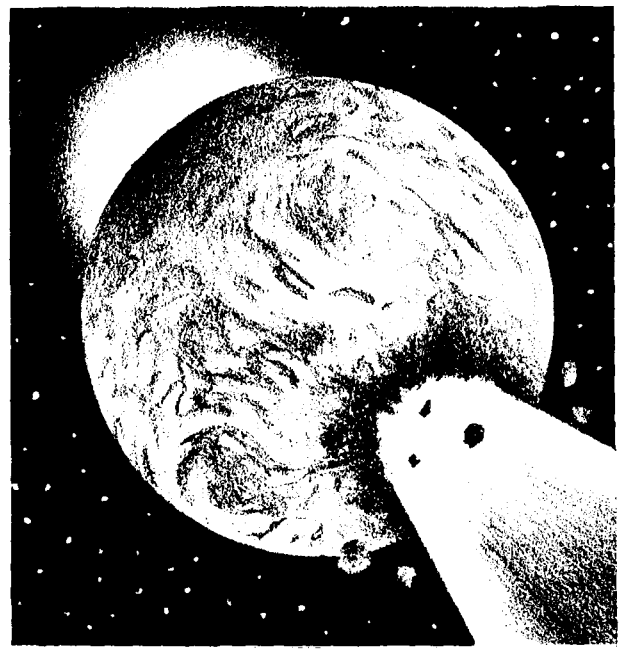
And so it seems, in truth, that many of the worst claims of the nuclear critics are true. There is no question that nuclear plants are in the hands of fallible human beings, that errors are possible, that unforeseen consequences will develop, that utility executives can act like blundering idiots. (Metropolitan Edison, for instance, told pregnant women who had missed work because of the accident to count their time off as vacation days and lowered the salaries of two pregnant women who didn't want to return to work right away. Not even Fonda, Douglas, and Lemmon could anticipate such callousness.)

The question remains, Is this the end of nuclear power? I think the issue was summed up most succinctly by President Carter when he said that despite the trouble, it would be "impossible" to give up nuclear power right now; and the strange thing is, I think the opponents of nuclear power —the intelligent ones, at least—agree. It is no longer a question of nuclear power or "some other alternative." It is a question of nuclear power or no electricity.

Environmental groups have now come full circle and are advocating a return to coal as the solution to our energy problems (environmentalism began 15 years ago by attacking coal as the worst source of air pollution, and recommended nuclear power as the answer); yet it must be obvious even to environmental activists themselves that they are not going to be any more willing to accept coal now than they were in the early 1960s. The Natural Resources Defense Council has already tied up the leasing of federal lands in the West for coal-mining at least until 1982 by means of a suit challenging the Department of Interior's environmental-impact statements. The Sierra Club is fighting attempts by utilities merely to go back to burning oil with a slightly higher sulphur content, and the idea that it will now cheerfully agree to let them switch back to coal is ludicrous. In addition, the Environmental Protection Agency has just made coal-burning enormously more expensive by requiring that sulphur scrubbers be put on *all* new coal plants regardless of whether they will be burning high sulphur coal or not.

Environmentalists have been leading people around by the nose for 15 years, convincing them that there were some "better alternatives" available. They have not entirely given up the effort, nor can it be said that they have failed. A *New York Times*/CBS poll taken ten days after the Three Mile Island accident showed that an incredible 42 per cent of the American public now believes that the energy problem can be solved *within five years* by solar generation of electricity—although it must be noted that this belief was strongest among people who had had less formal education, and had very little support among people with college degrees.

But we are now in a crisis situation. If this accident had happened six years ago, before the Arab oil embargo, the whole nuclear effort would have probably been scrapped immediately. But there is no longer any margin for error. California, for example, is dangerously low in reserve margins of electricity and may have brownouts and blackouts this summer if it doesn't get its disputed nuclear plants on line. A few hours without electricity is going to be enough to change a lot of people's minds about the relative difficulty of living with nuclear power plants.



It is not a question of nuclear power or 'some other alternative.' It is a question of nuclear power or nothing

In the long run, the accident at Three Mile Island may turn out to be a blessing. Unquestionably, the most potent weapon the anti-nuclear activists have had going for them is fear—specifically, fear of the unknown. For example, one of the tactics of anti-nuclear groups has been to demand that utilities send out information in their monthly bills about the potential dangers of a nuclear accident, plus instructions on how to evacuate the area.

Six months ago, this would have introduced a gnawing fear into the back of people's minds. Now it may be positively reassuring. By making many of the anxieties concerning nuclear power real and tangible, the Three Mile Island accident has taken away much of the element of mystery and unreality. And the greatest danger the anti-nuclear movement faces is that people might understand the full dangers of living with nuclear power *and still get used to it.* And it does seem to be dawning on many people already that, although Harrisburg was "the worst nuclear accident in history," no one was killed, no one was even hurt, and there seems to be very good reason to hope that only three or four people suffered even the possibility of any long-term damage.

We lost our virginity at Three Mile Island. Like many ex-virgins, we may find that the imagining was the worst part. □

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THE PRESENT DANGER

Fire One on SALT

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

It is astonishing to reflect that it has been eight years since it was proclaimed, on a NATIONAL REVIEW cover (March 9, 1971), that: "1. We are behind in the missile race. 2. If we do nothing about it, the Soviet Union will rule the world." Of course, time flies when you're busy, and that's what we've been: busy dumping a Vice President, a President, and a subcontinent; busy aborting the ABM, the B-1, the search for alternative energy sources, the dollar, and the unborn; busy indulging the whims of every thumb-sucking minority and crackpot special-interest group that has the wherewithal to buttonhole a congressman.

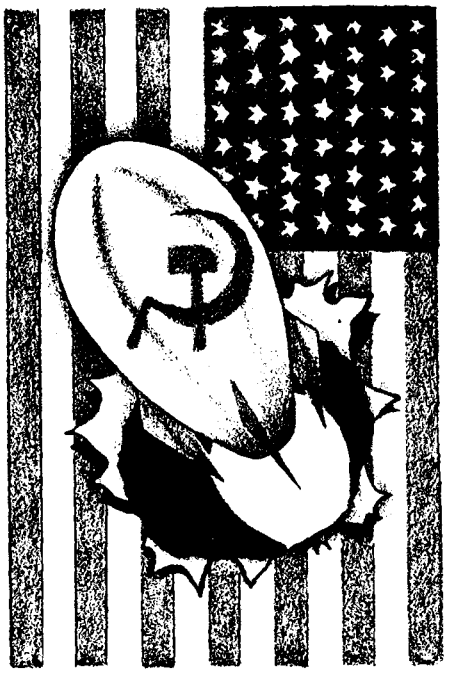
But now this message of squandered opportunity and urgent necessity is suddenly respectable, and this was Paul Nitze's message at a recent meeting of the Charlottesville, Virginia, Committee on Foreign Relations. Nitze, Harvard 1928 (cum laude), the Director of Policy Studies for the Committee on the Present Danger, is nobody's idea of an extremist. Brezhnev calls him "the white-haired hawk." He is not a hawk. Hugh Sidey of *Time* recently said he was "James-Bondian." He is, on the contrary, a dedicated, though uncharismatic, public servant, and a prudent bureaucrat. He served six of Jimmy Carter's seven predecessors in an assortment of jobs including Secretary of the Navy and Deputy Secretary of Defense.

Maximum Peril

Nitze, who represented the Secretary of Defense at the SALT I talks, is possessed of that preternatural calm that is the hallmark of tough-minded, competent, dedicated public servants. Nitze makes James Schlesinger look flamboyant. But the point he and his distinguished bi-partisan committee earnestly seek to make speaks for itself: SALT II, as "all but finally agreed upon," could very possibly bring us to our moment of maximum peril.

Here, Nitze says, is what we originally set out to do with SALT: place limits on offensive capability, ensure crisis stability, deny both sides a first-strike capability or even a tempting advantage, and establish verifiable limits. But here is what we are getting: a Soviet Union with more than three hundred of the most technologically advanced ICBM launchers, and a United States with none; Soviet MIRVs with the capability of launching four, six, even ten warheads, while ours can launch three; the Soviets with three to four hundred Backfire bombers by 1985, all exempt from the strategic-launcher count, and the United States with nothing comparable. By the early 1980s, the USSR will be able to destroy 90 per cent of our ICBMs by firing 20 to 30 per cent of theirs. By 1985, the United States' counterforce capability will be one-eighth of the Soviet Union's. While we sought a standoff, the Soviets sought to nail down the strategic edge we were relinquishing.

"*A bad agreement, even if wholly verifiable,*" he continues, "is still a bad agreement. . . . But even verifiability is in doubt." In fact, the word itself is now corrupted: we will not be able to "verify" at all; the best we can hope to do is "monitor," and the Administration has blurred the issue by using the words interchangeably. Nor does SALT contain any safeguards to make cheating unprofitable even if it were detected.



The Soviets, says Nitze, believe us to be supine, unwilling to defend our friends, perhaps even ourselves. And why, on the record, should they believe otherwise? They seek to outflank us, they seek nothing less than the—and here I blink, startled at the use of this venerable right-wing buzz-word by a man who has spent his life in the grey maze of bureaucratic accommodation—*Findlandization* of the United States.

Minimum Security

It is pointless to talk about losing our strategic superiority, for it is already lost. If the trends were reversed today—and remember, Nitze says, that nothing will be accomplished by a failure to ratify without a reversal of the trends—we might be able to achieve "meaningful strategic nuclear superiority" by 1995. Gone is the overwhelming nuclear disparity that enabled us to face down the Russians in Cuba, or, earlier, in Berlin, where we were outnumbered on the ground three divisions to three battalions. Meanwhile, Nitze continues, President Carter tells "stories" about "essential equivalence" and conventional military strength, and lulls the American public into a false sense of security.

But what happens if we do increase our nuclear capabilities? Won't that accelerate dat ol' Left debbil, the arms race? "What arms race?" asks Nitze. There hasn't been an arms race for years. There has been unilateral disarmament by the United States, accompanied by a continuing Soviet build-up. Even if we respond now, that won't put us in an arms *race*, because the Russians aren't racing. They are not reacting to us. They are merely following a plan from which they have not deviated since it was mapped out in detail, perhaps as long ago as 1960. How can you have a race when one side isn't racing because it doesn't seem to care who wins, and the other isn't racing but simply driving along as fast as it can?

(Continues on page 641)

Mr. Rehyansky is a lawyer and contributor to NR. *His articles and reviews have also appeared in* Juris Doctor *and the* Military Law Review.

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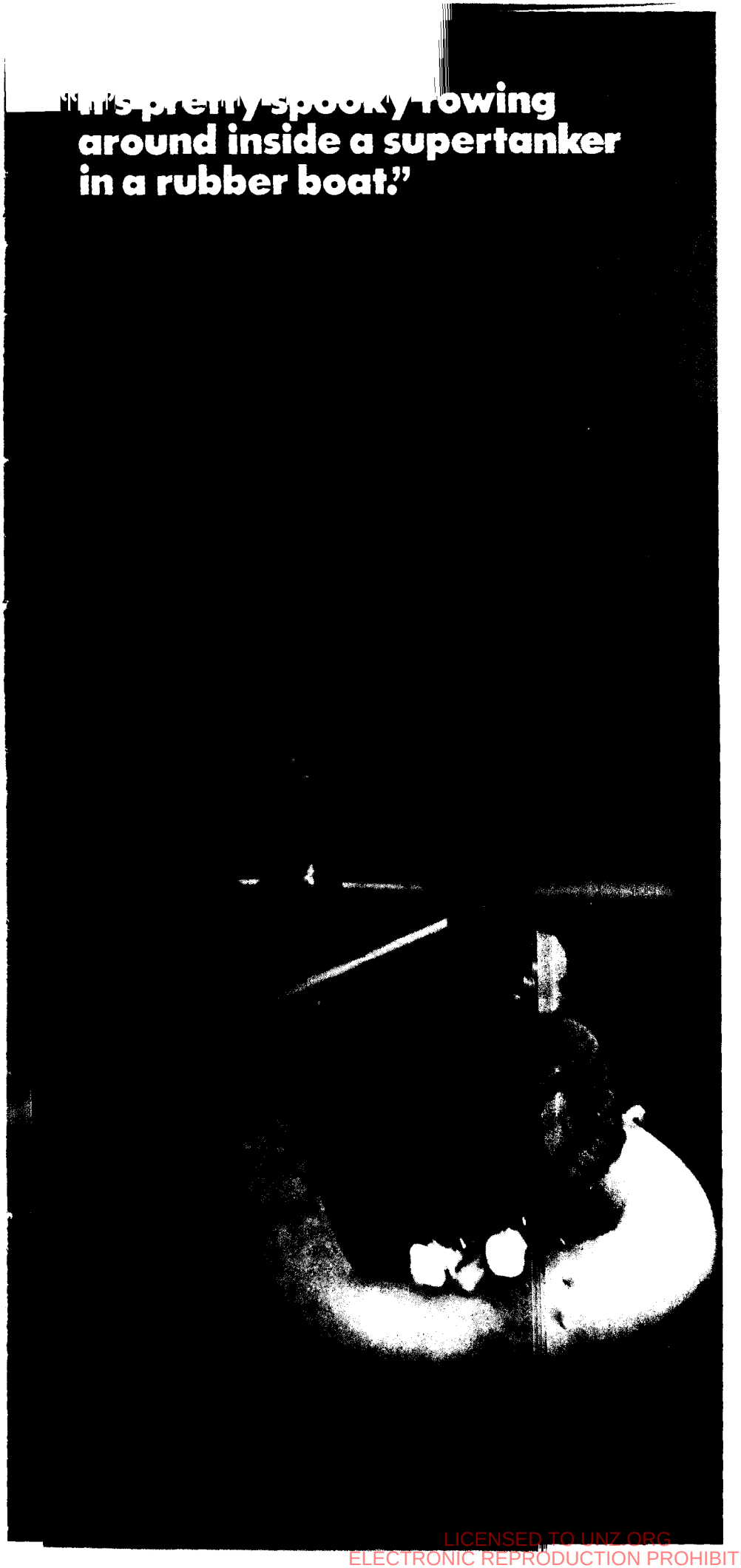
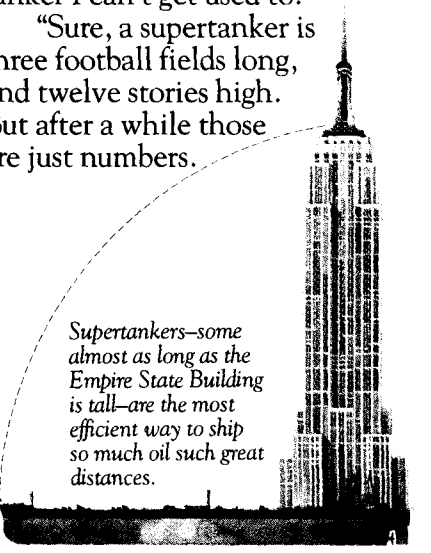
"It's pretty spooky rowing around inside a supertanker in a rubber boat."



"That's me in the back of the rubber boat," says Chief Mate George McShea. "We're not rowing on oil, but on a saltwater lake in the belly of a supertanker. And it's one aspect of life on a supertanker I can't get used to.

"Sure, a supertanker is three football fields long, and twelve stories high. But after a while those are just numbers.



Supertankers–some almost as long as the Empire State Building is tall–are the most efficient way to ship so much oil such great distances.

"This tank inspection is something else. After the tanks are cleaned and the residual oil retrieved and stored, they're flooded with seawater, and inspection crews go inside, checking structural integrity.

"It's like a lake in a cave, but it's inside a ship at sea. It's a big job, and sometimes it gets pretty spooky. But it has to be done, to protect the ship, the oil and the ocean. Gulf tankers have a fine record; we do all we can to keep it that way.

"Supertankers are the most efficient way to move so much oil such distances. It's a real challenge working on them. But it's important work, and I think we do it well."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation

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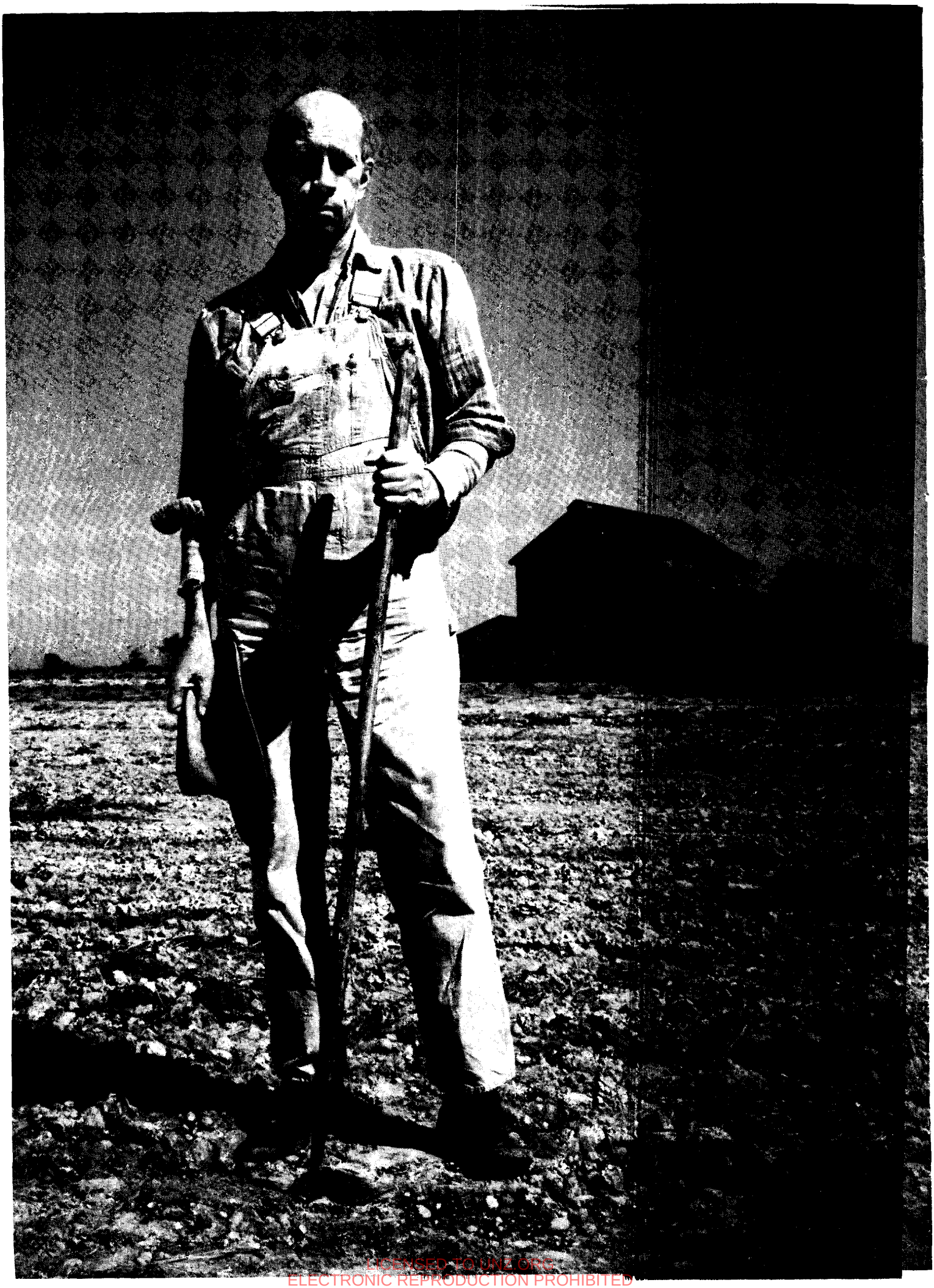

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INFORMATION MANAGEMENT. DOES IT THREATEN THE WORK ETHIC?

The American work ethic has always assumed that if you worked hard, your efforts would be rewarded.

We wouldn't argue with that. But we would like to amend it a little.

The way we see it, working hard isn't nearly as important as working well.

Information Management isn't a way of sidestepping hard work. It's a way of making it more productive.

For example, there's no virtue in having to spend hours typing, retyping and re-retyping documents. So we make electronic typing systems that let you type, revise and retrieve information in a lot less time. Which gives you a lot more time to create and perfect it.

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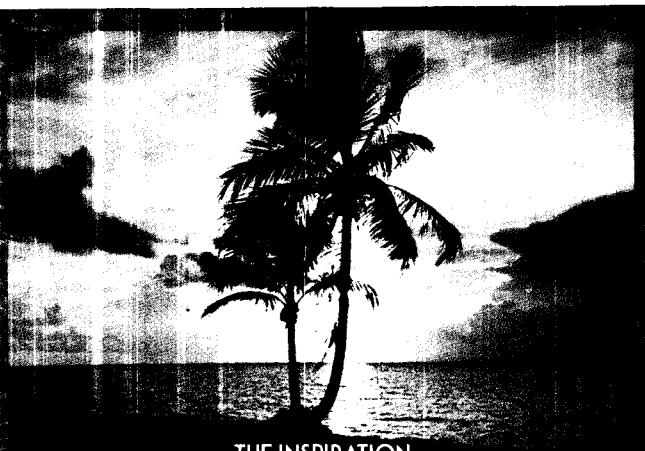

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THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

Moving Portrait

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IF YOU ASKED the average conservative, any time during the last few decades, to sketch a group portrait of his intellectual leaders, he would probably come up with something like this: On the one hand, Whigs, anarchists, economists. On the other, theories, ultramontanists, and fans of *Gone with the Wind*. In the middle, Frank Meyer, trying, like the spars of a Calder mobile, to hold the whole thing together.

The shape of the portrait—the distance of the various wings from the main body, and the eccentricities of their orbits—would vary depending on when it was drawn. In the early Fifties, traditionalism was certainly the most wide-ranging. Southern agrarians disdained capitalism; Peter Viereck spent his time lecturing Americans on the virtues of Metternich and that great homegrown Tory, FDR. T. S. Eliot's opinions were anxiously consulted. Today, the imbalance lies mostly on the other side; indeed, some libertarian intellectuals have been insisting that they have detached themselves altogether.

The Philadelphia Society devoted its 16th annual meeting, held in Chicago, to "Conservatism and Libertarianism"—their differences and their many common goals.

Robert Nisbet opened the session with a general survey of the terrain. Conservatives and libertarians, he felt, share several prejudices—resentment of government intrusions, fondness for economic freedom, distaste for mass democracy. They do not, however, share a common intellectual framework. Nisbet traced modern conservatism to Burke's stand against the French Revolution. Burke, he noted, was a lifelong opponent of arbitrary power, whether wielded against Americans, Hindus, or Irish Catholics; but he especially detested the Revolution as a "millennialist crusade" against traditional institutions—church, family, convention. Libertarians, equally hostile to modern dictatorships, appeal instead to the sanctity of the individual. Nisbet quoted Mill: "The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community . . . is to prevent harm to others."

Succeeding speakers in turn took up the questions raised by Nisbet. Walter Berns, First Amendment scholar, accused libertarians of philosophical shallowness and compared libertarian political theory to that of Hobbes. Hobbes, said Berns, was the first political philosopher to attack the Christian and classical models of the state, which drew on divine or natural sanction; in their place, he proposed a "night-watchman state," created solely to secure the lives and goods of individuals (modern libertarians, Berns added, seem to want to dispense with the watchman as well). The Founding Fathers, Berns conceded, did follow Hobbesian injunctions; but the men in whose interests they established the new Republic were "British men," conditioned by "habits acquired from a civilized past." A polity which ignores those habits tempts destruction.

LIBERTARIANS responded in a variety of ways. Economist Murray Rothbard cheerfully admitted that "libertarianism does not pretend to be a complete moral theory." Libertarianism, he argued, was a political doctrine based on the immorality of coercion—"libertarians make no exceptions to the Golden Rule for government"; though how libertarians come to the Golden Rule is their own business. "Libertarianism *per se* has no general or personal moral theory." Tibor Machan, on the other hand, insisted that libertarianism was a "small, political outgrowth" of a broader ethical framework. Once man chooses to live, he should choose to live well. Living well means living in accordance with human nature; and libertarianism, Machan concluded, is the political theory which best takes account of man's nature.

Two panels concentrated on practical policies. There is a "state of mind developing among libertarians," Nisbet suggested, "in which coercions within social groups are seen to be as heinous as those administered by the state"; and the point was briskly debated. Williamson Evers, editor of *Inquiry*, accused the state of undermining the social groups praised by Burke, and cited recent conservative calls for investigations of "odd-ball" religions. Joe Sobran of NATIONAL REVIEW welcomed Evers' acceptance of the primacy of social power but added that the state should recognize certain social institutions as authoritative. State power can serve as a back-up to the mediating institutions, if only symbolically. "We don't discourage encouragement."

Both conservatives and libertarians, as Nisbet noted, accept the free market; the panel on economic issues accordingly concentrated on such arcana as central banking and private currencies. Warren Coats and Arthur Shenfield both admired the ingenuity of laissez-faire approaches in these areas; they dismissed them, though, as costly and impractical. "And practicality," said Shenfield, "has an effect." David Friedman, emancipated from the statism of his father, Milton, admitted that the market might not be able to handle such problems perfectly; but government handles them even less perfectly. A system of private banks issuing private currencies, for example, would entail conversion costs which state central banks avoid; government banks and currencies, however, have no market check on their integrity.

Some members of the Society seemed dismayed that such questions, hotly contested fifteen and twenty years ago, were resurfacing. Partly it is a matter of time: some of the old protagonists are dead, some are silent, and old thoughts seek new oracles. There are growing-pains involved as well: since the late Sixties, conservatism has received an influx of new intellectuals fleeing liberalism's collapse. Libertarians, too, are stirring; the Libertarian Party's candidate for governor of California in 1978 received 5 per cent of the vote, while its 1972 presidential candidate won as many electoral votes as Walter B. Jones did in 1956.

But the chief reason for such discussions—and for the Philadelphia Society itself—is survival. Politics, as Burke pointed out, is more than thought; but it is partly that; and the movement—anarchist, conservative, black hand of reaction—which ignores its principles is headed for suicide. □

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help !!!!

"I don't know why a penny saved is a penny earned."

It All Depends

Faith in the tenets of sanctified man
Rests on one's trust in consistory books;
Faith in the horror-tales crime-writers pen
Rests on who done it in mystery books;
Faith in what happened and where, why, and when
Rests on who authored the history books.

—Corinna Marsh

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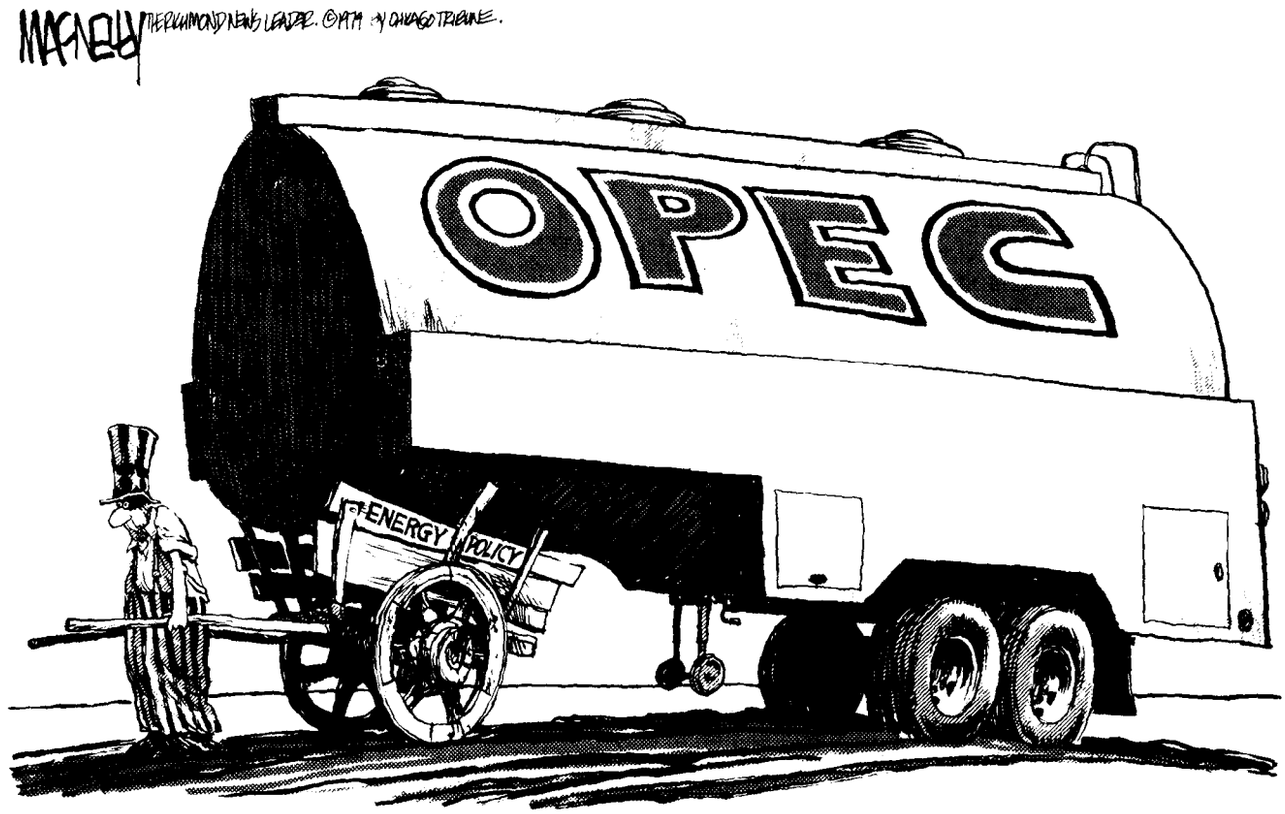

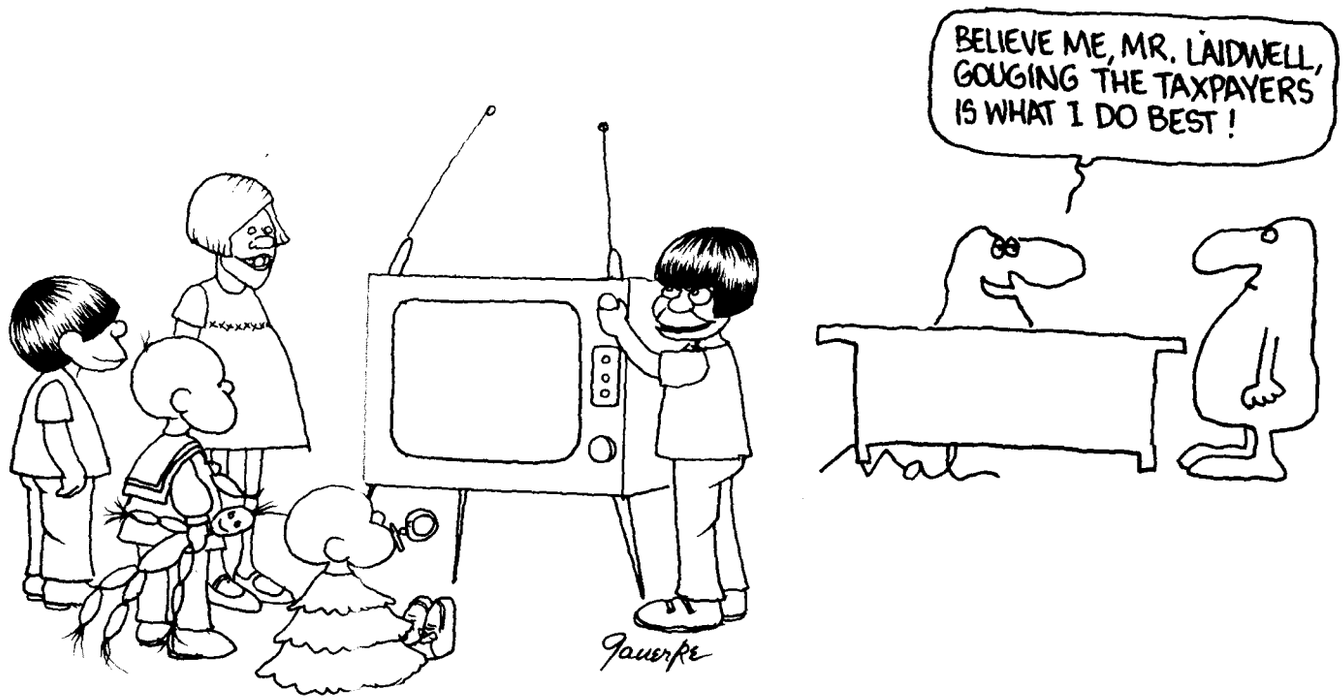

"Okay, kids, now that Mom's asleep, what'll it be? Sex, violence, or sugared-cereal commercials?"

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GUEST EDITORIAL

May Day: A Salute to the Captive Peoples

MAY DAY IS the international distress signal, and by a suitable irony it is also the international socialist holiday. It is the day on which the leaders of the Soviet Union celebrate the achievements of their state. It is a good day on which to consider the extent of its power and its further objectives. The decision to have a May Day holiday in Britain is therefore a wise one; the British ought to think seriously about Communism more often than they do.

It is a particularly appropriate day for the British to remember the two million or so Russians whom Britain returned to Stalin at the end of the war. Some of them were guilty of crimes (though none of them had a fair trial), but at least many were innocent; their numbers included women and children as well as some people who were not Soviet citizens at all. When they were returned to the Soviet Union, some were killed and most of the rest were imprisoned. We continued the policy of forcible repatriation, using both force and fraud, knowing what the consequences would be for the people we sent back. We sent them back because we wanted to please Stalin and did not want them here.

This policy was concealed from the British people at the time, but it was well known both to the wartime coalition and to the postwar Labor government, and it was, of course, well known to the officials in the Foreign Service who had to deal with it. Eden bore the heaviest guilt.

Some people still defend it. Most of those principally involved are dead; those who are not dead do not defend the policy, but no one knows whether they repent it. Their minutes must have read harshly then and read shamefully now.

The repatriation made Britain the accomplice in an act of mass oppression and murder. It will always cast a shadow on our reputation as a nation, and on our belief that a certain kindliness and honor would naturally prevail in the human conduct of British policy. Of course it was the Russians who actually killed the people we sent back, but we lied to our prisoners as we put them on the trains and locked the doors. It does not make it any better that we did not even want to see them killed, but acted from a mixture of motives that included fatigue, irritability, and the natural bureaucratic distaste for people who have no pigeonhole to fly to.

Stalinism sans Stalin

In the Soviet Union the far broader shadow of the era of Stalin's crimes is still largely unexorcised. Those crimes were the crimes of a regime. One individual man, however wicked he is, cannot murder twenty million of his fellow citizens. Although the conditions of modern Russia are not those of Stalin's period, the regime is still the same, and the main instruments of Stalin's terror are still the main instruments by which the Communist Party rules the Soviet Union. The Communist Party, the KGB, the Soviet courts, the bureaucratic apparatus have all survived, not even greatly changed. Nowadays they kill very few, but they still deal quite firmly with dissenters, that is with people who ask for ordinary human rights and liberties.

Each May Day we should remember all the victims of Soviet aggression and Soviet oppression. There are 11 European countries which have come under Communist rule. Not one of them has done so as a result of the free choice of its people. Two of them, Yugoslavia and Albania, have managed to free themselves from Russian control, but in neither country has freedom been restored. Indeed, though Yugoslavia has moved in the direction of freedom, Albania is an isolated prison house, too morbid even to have normal relations with other Communist powers.

Three of the oppressed countries have actually been incorporated into the Soviet Union. It was one of the terms of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of 1939 that the Soviet Union should have a free hand in respect of the independent Baltic countries of Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania. Ribbentrop, of course, was later executed as a war criminal for planning aggression.

In October 1939, the Soviet Union demanded the establishment of Soviet military bases in all three countries and offered in exchange a mutual assistance pact "to guarantee their independence." In June 1940 the Soviet Union accused the Baltic governments of failing to implement the terms of these pacts. In consequence, Russian troops occupied the three countries between the 13th and 17th of June 1940. Apart from the period of German occupation during the war, these three small states, who were well governed in their period of independence from 1918 to 1940, have belonged since that date to the Soviet Union, because Hitler gave them to Stalin. To this day the people of these countries retain their individuality and, in spite of deportations and oppression, long for independence, however distant it may still be.

Of the other European countries which are kept forcibly under Communist rule, Poland has always resisted to the best of her ability. Hungary fought unavailingly for her freedom in 1956, and Czechoslovakia, more mod-

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estly, tried to humanize Communism in 1968. The idea of reforming Communism was so repugnant to the Soviet leadership that Czechoslovakia was invaded by Russian troops; a puppet government was installed and that puppet government is in power to this day, a worthless assembly of traitors to the Czechoslovakian people.

These things should be remembered every May Day. Those who died in Stalin's purges, those whom we returned and he killed, the European nations whose freedom has been destroyed, should all be brought to mind on this annual festival. Indeed May Day should henceforth be a day of remembrance in which spring flowers are put on unquiet graves. There are many people who need to be reminded. There are intellectuals who still think that Soviet Communism is a party of the Left; there are clerics who seem to think that the rulers of the Soviet Union are Christian socialists; there are trade-union leaders who believe in the right to strike in Britain but not in the Soviet Union; there are also the good, idle, soft-minded people in Britain who prefer not to think of subjects which could only disturb them.

There are some people who think that Soviet Communism has become something very different from what it was before, that it is not perhaps admirable but is now a relatively moderate force in world affairs. No Communist government in the present world has come to power or remains in power by constitutional means. There are now well over one billion people living under Communism, about one-third of the world's population. Not one of those people has been brought under Communism by a democratic or constitutional process. Even Allende's was a minority government.

No Communist nation enjoys freedom of elections; freedom of belief; freedom of religion; freedom of speech; freedom of the press; freedom of assembly; freedom of movement; freedom of property; freedom of employment; freedom to form trade unions; freedom from arbitrary arrest, punishment, or imprisonment. Nor does it have representative institutions, impartial laws, or independent judges.

Human liberties are indeed guaranteed by Article 125 of the Soviet Constitution, which provides for freedom of speech, of assembly, and so on. Soviet courts have repeatedly ruled that Soviet citizens may enjoy these various freedoms only when they are used to strengthen socialism, and that it is for the state to determine what strengthens socialism. Freedom of speech consists in freedom to praise Mr. Brezhnev, freedom of assembly consists in freedom to assemble in Red Square to cheer Mr. Brezhnev, because these are activities which strengthen socialism. But freedom to criticize Mr. Brezhnev is not a socialist freedom and is therefore not guaranteed under Article 125 of the Constitution.

These are not comfortable facts to remember. It is much more comfortable to try to pretend that Communist countries are not so very different from us, that there is not all that great a difference between free Europe and Communist Europe or between the Soviet Union and the United States. Every May Day those of us who are still free should consider carefully what life must be like where none of our liberties exist, where the attempt to do something as innocent as visiting a foreign country can be a crime against the state.

Uses of Terror

The Communist citizen has lost his liberty, but he has not gained either equality or prosperity. The Soviet Union remains a backward economy, with low industrial productivity and a disastrously underproductive agriculture. Waste, cynicism, and corruption are characteristic of Communist industrial organizations. Only those industries to which the state gives the highest priority, because they build up its power against potential enemies or potential victims, are efficient by the standards of the rest of the world. Communist societies are not at all equal. In most Communist countries there are special shops to which only privileged officials are allowed to go. The difference between the standard of living of ordinary Russians and that of the families of their leaders is extremely wide. There could be no clearer sign of class differences than to have exclusive shops into which those who do not belong to the ruling class cannot go, even if they have enough money.

Again and again in Communist history there has been the use of terror in order to establish or maintain the Communist state. Terror was used as a deliberate weapon by Lenin himself. It is now in use in Cambodia and in Ethiopia. The Ethiopian government is supported by Russian and Cuban arms, men, and advice. The Ethiopian government openly proclaims that its policy is one of Red terror; that terror is particularly directed against children. That, too, is something to remember on May Day. General Grigory Grigoryevich Barisov is the military advisor of the Soviet Union to a government which as a policy murders children in front of their parents. It is not an honorable job for a soldier. The Soviet Union's total cynicism in Africa was shown equally clearly by its support for the bloody tyranny of President Amin as long as his regime lasted.

Heart of Cynicism

It is wrong to think that the advance of Communism is either inevitable or irresistible. In Europe the Communists have suffered some notable defeats. They failed to take over Portugal, they were defeated in the French elections. The Soviet Union has lost some of its early allies in the Middle East, strategically the most important area of all. Of course, as a result of Western weakness the Soviet Union has developed a strong position in southern Africa by the most direct means, and it has had a victory in Afghanistan. Russia has in her history gobbled up so many neighbors.

Yet there is a cynicism at the heart of the Communist system. The real danger of subversion comes from idealists, and there is now little idealism left in the Soviet Union, except among dissidents. A system of power monopolized and manipulated by a small group of self-serving officials can hardly deceive even the most innocent idealist. Yet while the idealism has gone, the systematic conspiracy of power remains, backed as it is by the most formidable military forces in the world. It was an excellent idea of those of the Left who thought we should have May Day to remember what Communism has done for the world. Only if we do consider what Soviet Communism has done will we be prepared to face this continuous and probing threat to the liberties of every nation. □

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FORTY YEARS AFTER:

The Nazi Heartland

SELDEN RODMAN

Adolf Who?

IT WOULD BE nice to report that I saw it all coming, that winter of 1932 in Munich. The fact is, though, I was too steeped in other interests—German music, Italian painting, American girls—to be more than irritated to find the easy-going Bavarians taking this obviously mad Austrian orator so seriously. I saw him often enough in civilian garb (SA uniforms were banned that winter), entering the Brown House a couple of blocks from where I was living in the Jägerstrasse; or eating strawberry tarts piled high with whipped cream in the Carleton Tea Room, just around the corner on the Maximiliansplatz. He looked—quite ordinary. Except for the night I went to the Zirkus Krone and was caught up momentarily in those waves of emotion that swept through the crowd as he denounced the injustice of making Germany alone pay for a war that every Continental power had helped provoke. But I had heard Dr. Goebbels ranting on the radio from the Berlin Sportspalast, too, and was well aware that the uninvolved Jews far more than the vindictive French were being made the scapegoats for Germany's economic and psychological problems.

There were two sorts of occasion on which I was caught up in it all. And deeply frustrated. One, repeated almost daily, was at breakfast or lunch with my kindly middle-class landlords in the Jägerstrasse. Herr Klöck and his wife (Frau Apotheker Klöck) were conservative, Catholic, and always on the verge of bankruptcy. Their only child, Moti, aged 14, was a typical "war baby"—pale, blond, anemic, idealistic, and so susceptible to the "shame" of Germany's defeat in the war, and the inflation and revolutions that followed, that her eyes would fill with tears whenever the word "Versailles" was mentioned.

Her boyfriend belonged to the *Hitlerjugend*, and every time he'd come to lunch we'd get into a terrible argument about his party's antisemitism. Had I been Jewish, he probably would have disdained to argue with me. But as it was, he did indeed argue, and I soon found out that on this subject I had no allies. "Ach, if you had been with Moti and me," Mother Klöck would cluck, "the day we found the hat didn't fit and tried to return it . . ." My ridicule at a "proof" so preposterous only solidified them in their prejudice. The Klöcks, once Catholic Chancellor Brüning had bowed out, seemed to have nowhere to go in the prevailing political spectrum, and over the course of that winter I watched the whole family converted to the boyfriend's party—antisemitism the catalyst in their reluctant conversion.

Later that same spring I had a brief encounter with Germany's liberal intellectuals—hardly more formidable as a barrier to the oncoming Nazis. I had met Klaus Mann (Thomas Mann's son) in Paris; back in Munich, he invited me to have lunch with his family in their big house on Poschingerstrasse across the Isar in suburban Bogenhausen. In the second presidential election to be held within a month (the first had not produced an absolute majority) Field Marshal von Hindenburg had defeated Hitler again; but now, with the parties of the extreme Right and Left virtually eliminated, how long would the 85-year-old victor of Tannenberg, whom the Nazis had characterized in their election posters as a "senile idiot," last? And would he deny the chancellorship to his dynamic opponent?

Thomas Mann had no doubts. The Noble Prize-winning novelist, who wrote the chauvinistic, somewhat authoritarian *Reflections of a Non-Political Man* during World War I, had become too literate to fear the illiterate, too civilized to imagine the firestorm that the dispossessed "barbarians" were about to ignite under his world. "Germany is in good hands," he told me. "Hitler has lost his chance."

October 27, 1978. Stepping out of our comfortable Lufthansa plane (as comfortable as a 747 can be) and into a snug Avis Opel moments later, we drove into the center of Munich. I was amazed at how much had gone—and yet how little anything had changed. Gone were the Brown House and the Carleton Tea Room and all but the foundations of the Mann house in Bogenhausen; not a building remained in the Jägerstrasse that I could remember, although the street began and ended as before and bore the same name.

But the Feldherrnhalle in the Odeonsplatz—where Hitler's 1923 Putsch had foundered—had been rebuilt, and most of the famous beer halls where the Nazis made their first converts and cracked their first skulls seemed to have escaped the pattern bombings. Even the spacious apartment house (No. 16 on the Prinzregentenplatz) into which Hitler had moved in 1931, when the big money had started to pour in, was unscarred. It was here that the Führer's captive niece, Geli Raubal, had committed suicide that year—an incident that came agonizingly close to inducing Hitler's own suicide, and the saving of how many millions of lives. "Adolf *who*?" said a young man on the sidewalk, when asked which apartment the dictator had occupied—knowing full well, surely, but preferring to feign ignorance.

October 28. We drove to Berchtesgaden, on our way to Salzburg, wondering what traces would remain in that idyllic spot of all the megalomaniac dreams the Berghof had spawned. No one on the main square could tell us even where the Berghof stood—or had once stood. Adolf Hitler? Blank stares. Finally a sidewalk florist brightened up: "Oh yes, that must be where the buses

Mr. Rodman, author of some 35 books of poetry, criticism, and travel notes, was living in Munich in the winter of 1931-32.

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for the Kehlstein leave—but you're a day late. Snow has blocked the approaches." We prevailed on him to direct us to the bus stop anyway.

The elevator to the Kehlstein Tea House (Hitler's "Eagle's Nest") didn't interest us that much; but a few hundred yards below the bus stop stood the Gasthof Zum Türken, with its sign of a Turkish invader dated 1911, and on the locked doors was pasted a very small sign reading: ENTRANCE TO BERGHOF-BUNKER: CLOSED. The underground complex intended as a final command post had never been used. Directly above the hotel—where Hitler must have stayed often—now overgrown with bushes, we finally found the concrete foundations of the immense chalet, bombed out in an Allied raid just five days before its master's suicide in the Berlin bunker. A huge plant nearby, designed to cover the whole valley with smoke, had evidently failed. On the road by the foundations someone had painted a rude sign over a huge swastika: U.S. BESATZER RAUS! evidently intended to warn American soldiers in their U.S. Army Skytop Golf Club a quarter-mile down the road not to poke around here—though whether the warning was meant to identify the soldiers as Neo-Nazis (a propaganda ploy of the Left), or to indicate that this was holy ground was not clear.

October 29, Salzburg, Austria. A close wartime friend, Baron Rudolf von Ripper, had dropped into Berchtesgaden with a company of the 101st U.S. Airborne Division on the night of May 4, 1945. (I remembered visiting him in New Canaan, Connecticut later that year, and eating off some of the monogrammed silver plates which Rip—who had been worked over by the Gestapo at Sachsenhausen during the Thirties—had "promoted" from the ruins of the Berghof.) A few days later my friend had been the first American soldier to enter Salzburg, his birthplace, liberating his aged mother along with the other citizens of Mozart's city and capturing on the raid eight SS generals and the disguised Fritz Sauckel—chief of the 11 million slave-laborers—who was later hanged at Nuremberg.

Von Ripper had died in Europe in the Sixties. I was curious to see whether any of his family still lived in Salzburg and what honors were being paid to his memory. It was a sobering experience. No one remembered the flamboyant Austrian-born GI Ernie Pyle had once celebrated in three consecutive columns as the most daringly ingenious combat soldier of World War II. And if any of his family are still there, I was unable to locate them.

October 30, Linz, Austria. Researchers into the crucial years of Hitler's childhood and young manhood (Toland and Payne, notably) have told us a great deal about the years in Linz, when Hitler lived with his beloved mother on the third floor of Humboldstrasse 31. For the Jewish doctor who resorted to the most painful treatments in a desperate and unsuccessful attempt to save Klara Hitler from cancer, Hitler felt nothing but gratitude—at the time. The death of a younger brother, Edmund, was another traumatic experience in Linz, embittering the once-extroverted boy and turning his thoughts inward.

Here Hitler experienced his first sexual fantasy: adoration for a girl he refused to meet, following her through the streets and toying with the idea of *kidnapping* her—an episode that made me think of the "blocked" protagonist of John Fowles's horrifying novel *The Collector*. He also fell in love with Cola di Rienzi, the hero of Wagner's early opera, who shouts at the "ungrateful" mob that is stoning him to death: "It is I who made you great and free!" Hitler—like the similarly "blocked" Ludwig II of Bavaria thirty years before—was beginning *his* lifelong effort to emulate the antisemitic Wagner's fantasies of Nordic "purity" betrayed, a journey destined to end in the Götterdämmerung of May 1, 1945 under the rubble of Berlin.

We looked up at the drab apartment house and visited the hill across the Danube where the bemused youth had knelt in a trance and vowed to save the world—though *from what* and *for what* this latter-day Messiah had no idea.

October 31, Vienna. In Linz, as in Braunau—Hitler's birthplace, an enchanting medieval town we would pass through on our way back to Munich—all traces of this man who came so close to establishing his death-camps throughout the world had been obliterated. In Germany, the generations that have grown up since 1945 feel no responsibility for this phenomenon of evil. "Those who did live under the Nazis," one young German said to us, "have

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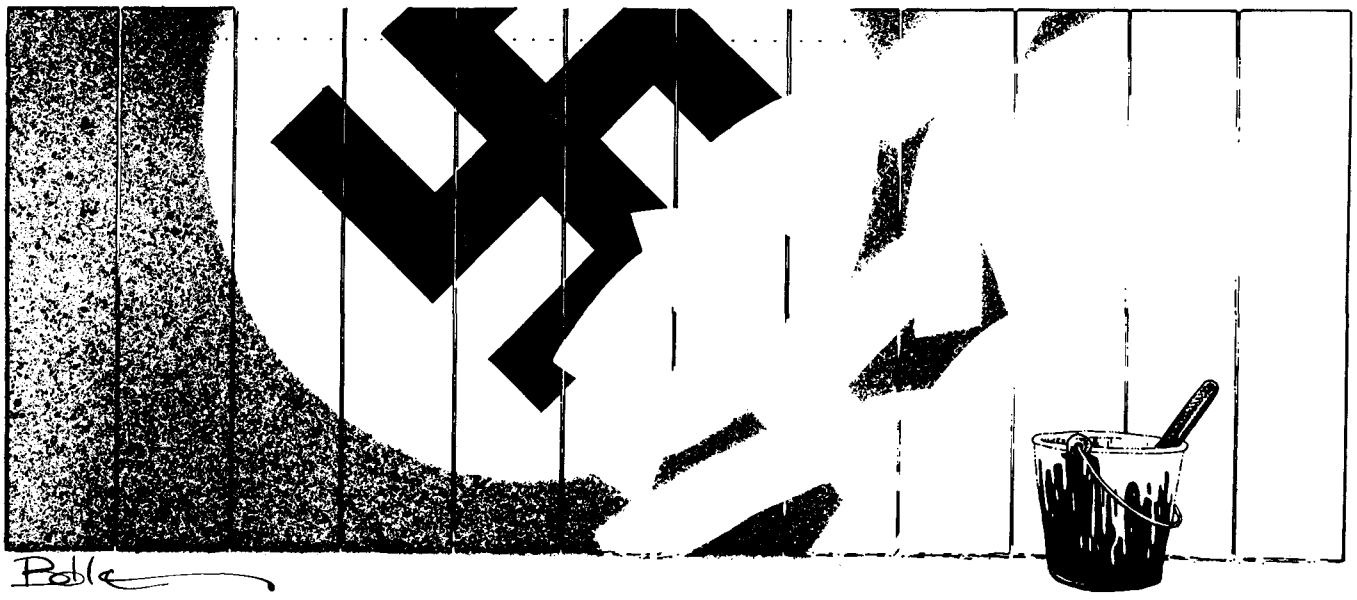

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A Michigan Refuge

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

OUR ITALIANATE house at Mecosta, Michigan is full of young people always, a sanctuary of sorts. We have no unwed mothers staying with us at present, but we do have three exiled young Ethiopians, and until recently we enjoyed the company of 11 Vietnamese (who were with us for three years), now removed to California. Young lady teachers dwell with us, and nurses; and there are our four little dutiful daughters; and high-spirited undergraduates from Hillsdale and other colleges appear on weekends. Here generation does link with generation.

Professor Louis Filler, who comes to our house of Piety Hill now and again, has published another book, in some ways his best. It is *Vanguards and Followers: Youth in the American Tradition*. The book has a curious history. A New York commercial publisher and a university press in Illinois attempted to suppress it, but Mr. Filler went to law and won a settlement, and the book has been published by the educational firm of Nelson-Hall instead, and will do good.

Why try to crush this book? Because Louis Filler, besides being an able writer, is given to setting down the truth about things. He has long been in love with America; he is the chief historian of the Progressive movement; and nowadays he is Distinguished Professor of American Culture and Society at Antioch College—no bastion of reaction. But Louis Filler found the radicalized youth-cults of recent years not praiseworthy, so editors who share the familiar no-enemies-to-the-left mentality ritually denounced him among themselves.

Eye-to-Eye Radicals

Here he is on those cults in their sere and yellow leaf: Concerned youth, he says, "would have to reconsider *communication* from its very basics. Emotionalism had reduced communication to chaos even among eye-to-eye radicals. Illiteracy had all but become a status symbol. The youth drive, in emphasizing action over ideas, had tossed away the nation's past, and with it all the eloquence and penetration of its artists and interpreters. They represented prestige for any new proposals, if they could be understood and used."

Just so. No new youth movement has arisen since the decay of the impulse which rose out of, or at least coincided with, the Vietnam War. Annette Yvonne Cecile Courtemanche, my wife, a generation my junior, perceives that our little daughters have been spared the peer-group tyranny which was imposed upon the children of the Vietnam era: an oppression of aimlessness, promiscuity, rock, drugs, violent ideology, and violent lives.

Monica, our eldest, will enter the seventh grade just too late to be infected by the lingering enthusiasms of yesteryear's youth-cult; hearing about these enthusiasms of not long ago, she almost longs for them. In our strange house with the cupola atop it, our girls have looked upon strength and weakness, and have grown shrewd as well as polite. They read much in good books —Willa Cather is now the favorite author of our second daughter, Cecilia —and they often sit up late at night, quiet in the kitchen, listening to the adults talk.

They grow fond of Johannes, an Eritrean, our latest arrival from afar. Lean Johannes reads Solzhenitsyn earnestly. He came to us by way of Addis Ababa, Moscow, Nicosia, and Tucson. Twice the military despots of Addis Ababa imprisoned him in one of their tight hells; then they sent him to Moscow to be trained as a Marxist indoctrinator. On the return trip, he escaped in Cyprus and was sheltered by Amnesty International; he eventually found his way to us, having heard that Piety Hill is a house of refuge for all sorts of folk, from gigantic tramps to newborn infants. Who will come to us next—Taiwanese, Rhodesians, Persians? It's a bent world, my masters. Johannes has been stacking firewood today; but our nows are not so dreadful as those in Moscow.

Louis Filler and his young wife, Saralee, will come to us again before long. We will sit in our strange long dining-room, its ceiling made from pew-boards taken from a demolished Catholic church, its oaken wainscoting from a demolished Lutheran church, its niches from a high altar, a monstrance and a gong and a waxen Orthodox image—all of it jetsam from vanished churches—displayed in those niches. We will talk much in that twilight room, the candles guttering in their tall church candlesticks, saying much about the rising generation.

And our four daughters will come and go, carrying dishes, listening, teasing Johannes, demurely answering questions, pleased with Saralee, interested in the Distinguished Professor of American Culture and Society, with his ready talk of Thomas Chatterton, the Beatles, Charles Manson, Edwin Markham, Randolph Bourne.

Hope Remains

Our third daughter, Felicia, beautiful spit and image of her mother, fetches the coffee-cups, shyly. Aye, it's a bent world in which these girls grow tall. The bank manager's son in the next village was kidnapped some weeks ago; a man convicted of child-molesting lives just down the street; we are trying to extricate a Chinese-Vietnamese family from a camp in Penang; there comes black news from Ethiopian prisons. But our daughters, especially three-year-old Andrea, are jolly and self-assured. Malcolm and Kitty Muggeridge spent some days with us not long ago, and our daughters believe Mr. Muggeridge when he says that we have nothing to fear from the masters of the City of This Earth.

"Besides, Daddy, you're the Wizard of Mecosta." Nodding, I reply, "Here the darkness belongs to us."

I am sixty years old now, and have nothing to leave these young ones but a tall mortgaged house, some old books, and a name. But yes, one thing more: hope. Perhaps it is Hesiod's "illusory hope" out of Pandora's box, yet very possibly something sounder.

"The 'Love Generation' had not lived very wisely, or well," Louis Filler writes in his latest book. Annette and I have endeavored to teach our daughters the true meaning of love, which casts out fear; and they have learnt to pray. These girls, laughing and clever, may form a forlorn hope. But a forlorn hope is the vanguard of vanguards, marching as to war. □

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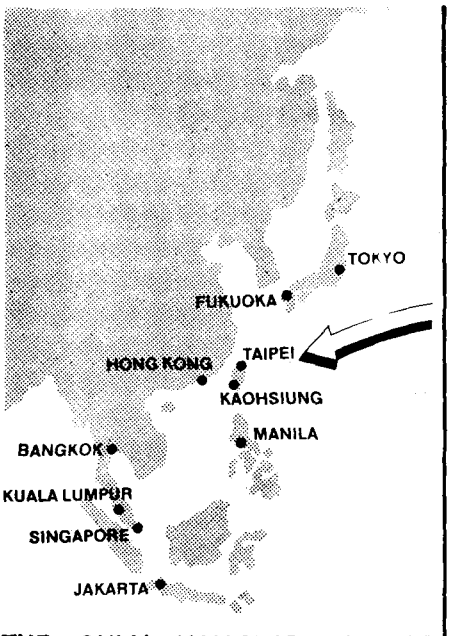

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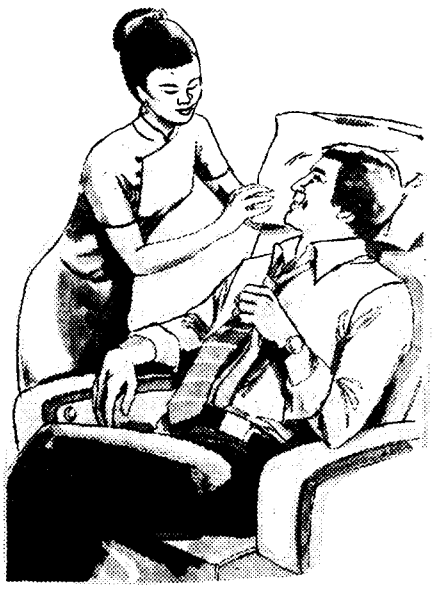

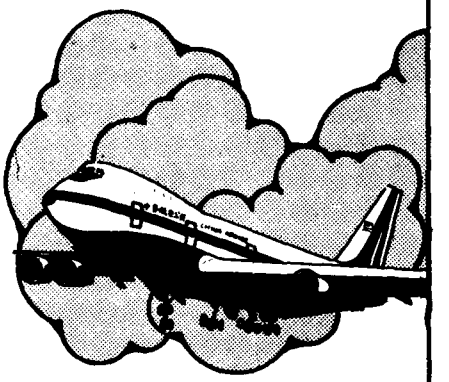

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Infidels in Charge

Sage Brush

DALE VREE

OVER THE two thousand years of Christian history there have been repeated attempts to politicize Christianity; these were less common during the early centuries of the church, more common during and since the Middle Ages.

David Martin, professor of sociology at the London School of Economics, surveys some of the shifting winds of "Christian politics" in his "Revs and Revolutions: Church Trends & Theological Fashions" in the January 1979 *Encounter*. The old culture-religions of "Throne and Altar" and "God and Country" have been thoroughly discredited. Says Martin: " . . . the Catholic Church has shifted out of the *intégriste* camp in Latin America, France, Spain, and even Portugal, and . . . the old military style Protestantism of (say) Northern Ireland is quite untypical. . . . Action Française is dead and Opus Dei probably in decline." In Western Europe, the Catholic Church "has become increasingly unhappy about Christian Democracy as the political arm of corporate Christianity. . . . Thus the Roman Catholic Church in [West] Germany . . . has withdrawn from involvement with the CDU [Christian Democratic Union]," and in Portugal the Church "wisely kept a safe distance from the party which claimed a Christian label."

But however decidedly the Catholic Church may be backing off from political entanglements, individual Catholic priests and laymen in Europe and, even more, in Latin America are cozying up to Marxism and various Communist parties and movements. Martin notes that "whereas Catholic priests were once the most anti-Marxist [of Christians] . . . they are now quite prone to the Marxist seduction." This is so because there is an "evident if superficial analogy between medieval organicism and modern collectivism." On the other hand, being less given to medieval nostalgia, Protestants are also less prone to Marxism.

Protestants have been less given to triumphalistic "Christian politics," to attempts to "Christianize" governments, and therefore they don't look to Marxism as a surrogate on which to work out that urge. Many early Protestants were prone to theocracy, but Protestantism quickly grew out of that temptation.

With the decline of Throne and Altar (what in England would be called High Tory Anglicanism), Martin (an Anglican convert from Methodism) announces that "we are all nonconformists now," meaning that we are rightly and happily finished with established churches, and that those that live on do so largely as museum pieces. But there is a danger. "Nonconformity" could be a cloak behind which Christian Marxists will fling off the old establishment only to embrace a new, secular-messianic one.

The Machiavellians

We Americans are all nonconformists, of course—and have been more or less since the Revolution. As Tocqueville pointed out, separation of church and state helped Christianity to flourish in America. We can also be grateful for separation (though not necessarily the ACLU's interpretation of it) because it has insulated us from the more virulent forms of left-wing Christian triumphalism, the rise of which has caused Martin to lament the eclipse of "political realism in the Augustinian tradition."

Which brings us to Machiavelli. There is an Augustinian-*cum*-Lutheran tradition in Christian reflection on politics that asserts that the political realm has its own standards, imperatives, even integrity. This is the tradition of the "two kingdoms," which is highly compatible with separation of church and state and plugs in rather well to the Machiavellian *raison d'Etat*.

There is a powerful—and probably dominant—current in academic political theory that regards Machiavelli as a surprisingly moral man who protected the integrity of both religion and politics by spinning out a rationale for keeping each in its own designated sphere. Clifford Orwin, a political theorist at the University of Toronto, attempts to revise this estimate in his "Machiavelli's Unchristian Charity" in the December 1978 *American Political Science Review*. Implicit in this effort is a hankering after a pre-Machiavellian, pre-modern politics, a nostalgia for a "Christian politics" of some sort.

Christendom Is Dead

It is not my purpose here to ask whether Christianity actually teaches a *political* orthodoxy, but rather to point out that, if there is to be a resurrection of Christian politics, it will likely not be of a sort that would please *NR* readers or (I suspect) Professor Orwin. The only serious candidate on the world horizon is Christian Marxism, better known in certain circles as liberation theology. David Martin is correct. Given the puissance of Marxism in the modern world, any nostalgia for medieval organicism, for a pre-Machiavellian unity of Christian morality and politics, will ultimately work itself out as Christian Marxism. This is not to say politics has no moral dimension; but, ironically, the desire to "Christianize" politics today too easily serves the godless Marxists. "Hard utopians know how to use soft utopians when 'the time' comes," says Martin.

Christianity has entered a post-Constantinian era. Christendom is dead. The church is no longer able to lean on the arm of the state to protect her from infidels (indeed, the infidels are *running* some of the churches), and the state isn't much interested in leaning on the church for legitimacy. But what appears to be a defeat could turn out to be a victory, for a post-Constantinian era can also be a pre-Constantinian era—and if the early church is any precedent, the spiritual rewards for Christians liberated from political temptations and state entanglements could be extremely invigorating. Pope John XXIII implored Christians to read the "signs of the times"—which is not the same thing as falling for the "spirit of the age." The Church's extremity, her political nakedness, could be God's opportunity to rejuvenate His Church. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Orphans of '68

FERDINAND MOUNT

THE INVASION was so quick. The Panzers seemed in retrospect to have rolled over the Maginot Line as blithely as a motorist shooting the lights. The whole business was wrapped up in a few weeks. And the surrender? Total, too. The establishment of a puppet regime and the division of the country into occupied and free zones only demonstrated the freedom of the conquerors to impose their own terms, to play with their newly acquired colony as and when they wished.

Most questions about France still come back to June of 1940. In politics this is plain. The Right is still struggling to digest that huge lump of history embodied in the Gaullist faction— which obstinately refuses to be blended into a European progressive conservative party of the standard type. The Left is still struggling with the equally historic legacy of the French Communist Party—which continues, with all its squalid Stalinist past, to make certain moral claims on the loyalty of French workers, on the basis of its anti-Fascist record. Again and again, modern-minded moderates have striven to break the trusts still enjoyed by the heirs of the Resistance and have made little headway.

But there was a Blitzkrieg in philosophy too. The great German tanks met little resistance. The heavy-armored Hegelians. Heidegger's Panzerkorps the technologically advanced Luftwaffe under Reichsmarschall Marx, and, most sinister of all, Nietzsche's suicide squad quickly overpowered the native troops, a pitifully ill-equipped band of Cartesians.

Just after the real-life German tanks had rolled over the frontier in June of 1940, Heidegger was giving a seminar on Nietzsche, and he ruminated: "At this very moment we have just witnessed a mysterious law of history, namely, that there may come a day for a people when it is no longer up to the level of the metaphysic generated by its own history."

France was no longer "up to it." German idealism had enabled the German people to rise to a "superior level." Heidegger's pro-Nazi sympathies were silly and fleeting, but his thought left an abiding impression on the French, largely through the influence he had upon Jean-Paul Sartre. It is irresistible to think of Sartre in this context as the Quisling of French philosophy—the eager young officer brought in to Frenchify and render acceptable the ideology of the master race. And indeed many philosophers now do look on Existentialism as a cut-price, popularized French version of the great tradition of German idealism. But to lay too much emphasis on Sartre is to ignore the total saturation of French intellectual life by what legitimately can be described as "German" philosophy.

NOW AT LAST the revolt is beginning. But it is beginning from so far back that it is often scarcely conscious of what it is revolting against; indeed, it often denies its own struggle to reach the light and is sometimes, for all the famous self-awareness and navel-watching of French intellectual life, scarcely any more able to give a coherent account of its activities than a poor blind burrowing animal. There is about the now celebrated "new philosophers" of Paris something rather poignant as they go through the attention-grabbing, narcissistic routines which are *de rigueur* on the Left Bank. For what impartial observers find mystifying and Stalinist opponents dismiss as showbiz tricks are, I think, quite often sincere but desperately clumsy efforts to struggle out from under the German heritage, on the part of people equipped only with the technical tools of German philosophy.

For this reason, it is simplest to start as the newspapers have, with the straightforwardly political aspects of "*la nouvelle philosophie*." We are dealing with a group of French intellectuals, now aged between thirty and forty. They were mostly brought up in the philosophy schools of the Latin

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Quarter. Most of them were Marxists. Almost all took a prominent part in the student revolt of May 1968. That failure and the widespread depression which followed, known as *Après-Mai*, led them to think again. And in a volley of essays—philosophical, political, poetical—they have sketched out a series of critiques of the Marxist, pro-Soviet, materialist revolutionism in which they were reared. The French public, which has the appetite for this stuff that other publics have for country-&-western, has lapped them up. Bernard-Henri Lévy's *Barbarism with a Human Face*, now translated into English (Harper & Row, $10), sold 100,000 copies in France; André Glucksmann's *The Master Thinkers* and *The Cook and the Man-Eater* did equally well.

On the political level, the argument common to most of the New Philosophers is straightforward: When we were Marxists, we made allowances for the Soviet Union. Either we did not believe the tales of the labor camps, or we considered the camps to be a necessary evil inherent in the building of Socialism, or we regarded them as "a Stalinist deviation." Then came Solzhenitsyn, "the Dante of our time" (Bernard-Henri Lévy). The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW (March 2, 1979) rightly twit Lévy in an editorial paragraph headed ARTHUR KOESTLER WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH DEPT. Zap. A total and sufficient riposte.

YET LÉVY'S apologia is worth repeating, in order to understand, not to excuse. Koestler and Camus, Rousset and Merleau-Ponty had told us the truth years ago. We had the figures—some approximate but quite horrific enough—on how many had died. We had eyewitness accounts too. So, "Why did it take us so long?" And what is so special about *The Gulag Archipelago* that it straightway opened our eyes after we had kept them shut tight all our lives?

Lévy says it is because *The Gulag Archipelago* is

> first of all *a work of art* which, like all works of art, proves literally nothing, but bodies forth the unimaginable, gives a name to the unnameable, and above all forces us *to believe* what we were satisfied with *knowing*.

This sounds fancy and phony. How is it that millions can be murdered without making any impression on our aesthetic sensibilities? Is massacre just too banal?

Intellectual snobbery is the culprit. It is not the aesthetic force of *The Gulag Archipelago* that makes this impact; it is its majestic and comprehensive claim to give an *intellectual* account of the whole process from Lenin to Stalin to Kolyma. It is the thorough and emphatic manner in which Solzhenitsyn drums the message home over and over again: these barbarities are not "a deviation," or the result of "difficult conditions," they are part and parcel of the whole enterprise, logical and inescapable consequences of Lenin as much as of Stalin. The labor camps and the KGB are *Marxist*; they follow directly from the holy writ of Saint Karl Kapital.

For the first time, French intellectuals are faced with a work which is not "merely" a philosophical refutation of Marxism, not "merely" an account of horrible cruelty on a vast scale, but a comprehensive, muscular, and poetic combination of the two. The Master shows His wounds; they are wounds and this is He. *Now* will you believe?

The religious parallel, which, as Glucksmann and Lévy themselves point out, is so often slackly used in trying to explain the Marxist enthusiast, is hard to find a substitute for. French intellectual life was so thoroughly impregnated with the Marxist tradition and its philosophical forebears and allies—Fichte, Hegel, et al.—that nothing short of a Reformation would shift it. Solzhenitsyn is not so much a Dante as an anti-Sartre, a teacher who again and again recalls his students to the concrete consequences of these dreadful dogmas. Glucksmann, for example, sums up the revelation:

> Under the disguise of knowledge, the master thinkers have been selling the mental apparatus indispensable for the launching of the great Final Solutions of the twentieth century. On a huge scale. Quite openly. There is no need to judge the bona fides of a Nietzsche, he *says* everything, the twentieth century has only to read him literally, to take him at his word, to switch on the concentration camp lights with his candor. The master thinkers have raised to the mentionable level this will to power which animates in a smaller way, a more secret way, the bosses and NCOs of disciplinary institutions.

The idea of the Master is common to almost all the *nouveaux philosophes*. The Master is the theoretical embodiment of power; and political philosophy—at any rate, the political philosophy the *nouveaux philosophes* learnt in school—is seen as the technique of mastering men, in the same way that scientists learn to master nature. The Master is both cook and man-eater, to quote Glucksmann's title; he concocts his ideal society and then he devours its inhabitants. The state, Marxism, and the concentration camps are intimately linked. Marxized intellectuals in France have "Soviet Russia in their heads." Sartre says, "We are all Marxists nowadays." For

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE MAY TITLES: David Halberstam's pursuit of the Best and the Brightest has led him to study the institutional development of CBS, Time, Inc., the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Times*. The book—his first since the Vietnam volume—is called *The Powers That Be* (Knopf, $15). . . . In *The Education of Carey McWilliams* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95), Mr. McWilliams—the former editor of *The Nation*—describes his progress from a cattle ranch in Colorado to his work in a much less useful enterprise. . . . B. F. Skinner's *The Shaping of a Behaviorist* (Knopf, $12.95) takes up where the first volume of his memoirs, *Particulars of My Life*, left off. . . . Kevin Tierney is the author of an admiring but fair book, *Darrow: A Biography* (Crowell, $14.95), about the famous trial lawyer. . . . E. F. Schumacher, who wrote *Small Is Beautiful*, died in 1977, but some of his unpublished lectures have been pulled together to make a new volume, *Good Work* (Harper, $9.95).

Kingsley Amis' new novel is *Jake's Thing* (Viking, $9.95), which does more or less for the Me Decade what *Lucky Jim* did for academe. . . . *The Myth Makers* (Random House, $8.95) is a collection of essays (many, no doubt, first written for *The New York Review of Books*) on nineteenth and twentieth century European and Latin American writers, by V. S. Pritchett.

■ FOR THE SEASON: *The Masters of the Nymph* (Nick Lyons/Doubleday, $14.95) consists of 19 chapters devoted to taking trout on the nymph. The authors include some of the best in the business; the volume is edited by J. Michael Migel and Leonard M. Wright Jr.

■ WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST? Lillian Hellman's autobiographical trilogy—*Pentimento*, *An Unfinished Woman*, and *Scoundrel Time*—can now be purchased as a set from Little, Brown, in a limited, deluxe, boxed, numbered, and signed edition, and for the modest price of $16.95.

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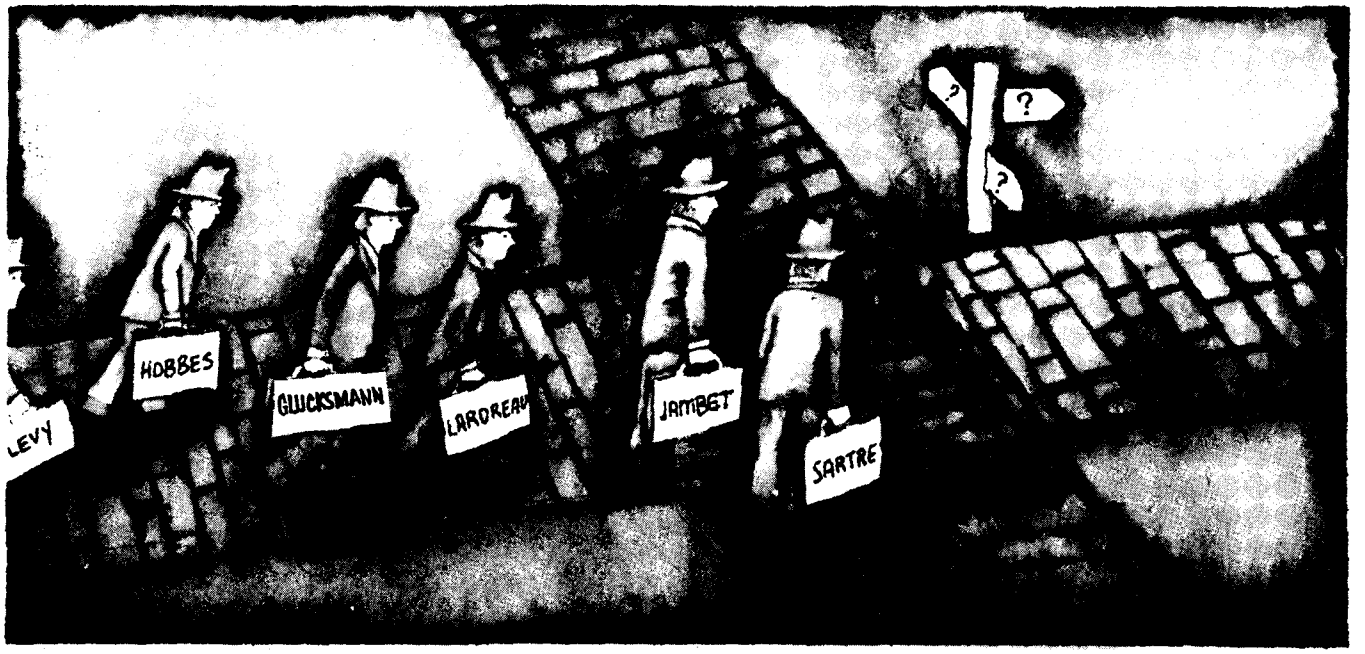

twentieth century men, "Marxism is the indispensable framework of knowledge." In our time, it is "the humus of all individual thought and the horizon of all culture." Marxism is *the* technique. Once you have mastered the technique, you have the right to a monopoly of power and speech. Socialism and Marxist consciousness come to the workers *from outside*. If the workers should fight, they will not know how to fight or why they are fighting until they are enlightened by the Master. "Marxism"—Glucksmann finally catches on—"does not 'transcend' the plebeian critique, it is anti-plebeian."

The *nouveaux philosophes* take the reader into a weird, dark, terrifying world from which all traces of the Anglo-Saxon have been removed; no Hume or Locke or Burke, naturally, but no Tocqueville or Montesquieu either. All the efforts men have made over the past couple of millennia to devise ways of limiting, separating, and channeling power, let alone discussions of the proper relations between the individual and society—all this might just as well never have been as far as the Sorbonne generation of '68 is concerned. Hobbes now and then gets a mention, but only in the crude guise of an unqualified power-worshipper, with no hint of the subtle and quasi-libertarian aspects of his thought.

But, alas, there is to be no escape, no redemption, no happy ending. Lévy says, with a rare flash of self-knowledge amid the apocalyptic posturings:

> The idea of an anti-Marxist politics is absurd, untenable, and a contradiction in terms: for a long time to come, we are condemned to the language of *Kapital* as long as we resign ourselves to playing the game of politics: Did the rebels of the Christian era have any other recourse against the secular rules of the Church than to appropriate the literal sense of the words of the Gospels? . . . We will not go outside this language as we might leave an enclosure . . . we will not be cured of this virus as we might recover from an illness.

In their various different ways, the *nouveaux philosophes* tell us that they can no more be cured than alcoholics; they simply have to keep away from the hard stuff. The reformed boozer's duty is to *testify* at every opportunity and to *protest* against the demon with every fiber in his body. But he has nothing to hope for. Lévy and Glucksmann are just as fashionably pessimistic as the starry-eyed Existentialists in the old Deux Magots. Some of them, unfortunately, are back on the sauce. Two of those who are grouped with the *nouveaux philosophes*—Christian Jambet and Guy Lardreau—have popularized a kind of mystical neo-neo-Platonism with their metaphysical essays *L'Ange* and *L'Apologie de Platon*. Whatever the merits of these difficult treatises, Plato remains dangerous political company.

THE TROUBLE is that most of the *nouveaux philosophes* appear to continue to believe that there is no escape from the intellectual tradition of Hegel and Marx. The open society is a closed book to them. Françoise P. Lévy's *Karl Marx: histoire d'un bourgeois allemand* is principally a highly effective debunking of the legend of St. Karl, the infallible thinker who always had the right answer and did the right thing. And yet by placing him so securely in his time and place, she only adds support to the contention of Bernard-Henri Lévy and the others that Marxism represents not a break but a continuation of the mainstream tradition and that, while Marx was wrong in assuming capitalism to be doomed, he was right in his analysis of the dehumanized world that it was ineluctably bringing about. Since the Marxist remedy produces only the ultimate horror of the Gulag Archipelago, there is no remedy, nothing but numbness, despair, and protest. Curiously, after all this time, we end up somewhere near the kind of Existentialism—or "absurdism"—proposed by Camus in the old days, except that this time it is Marx, not God, who has failed us. We are doomed to a senseless life; all we can do is to realize this and protest whenever we are confronted by evil.

There are obvious philosophical problems with this stance. If it's all senseless, a bad joke perpetrated by a non-existent creator, why protest? Can the concept of evil have any meaning in such a universe? And so on. But for a political observ-

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er, what is interesting is the lack of an available alternative tradition. Compare the entirely different flight-path of disenchanted Anglo-Saxon Marxists of the Thirties and Forties —and of the 1960s too. Many have become conservatives, of either the traditionalist or the libertarian brand. Some are now social democrats. Some have returned to the religion of their fathers—no, usually of their grandfathers. But in France all traces of heterodoxy had been stamped out.

Slowly, very slowly, the French are beginning to explore alternative traditions of pluralism and decentralization—and the philosophies of individualism that go with them. Now and then, even intellectuals admit that Giscard puts forward a case which is worth considering and that to be anti-Marxist is not enough, one must attempt honestly to consider the alternatives. But these are tentative beginnings, the reaching out of waifs and strays who have learnt to distrust full-blooded embraces and who are wary of the adult world after the shattering of their childhood. The storm of May-June 1968 has long blown away into history. But its children are still orphans. □

Cosima Wagner's Diaries, 1869-1877
Edited by Martin Gregor-Dellin and Dietrich Mack
Introduction and translation by Geoffrey Skelton
Harcourt Brace, 1,010 pp., $29.95

NOTES FROM THE CREATION

MITCHELL S. ROSS

A mere innocent in musical technique, I am never closer to a state of abject surrender than when confronted by the sounds of Richard Wagner's music-dramas. They are among the stupendous artifacts of creation—especially the later works, and, above all, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Wagner's early acolytes, at the insistence of the master himself, made too much metaphysics of the merging of musical and dramatic elements in these works. It is the stream of sound itself which overwhelms you. An outline of the plots and characters is helpful, and the German language makes a tangy contribution. But I do not believe my love for these music-dramas would be seriously diminished if Siegmund, instead of piercing the air with his cry of "*Nothung!*" in the first act of *Die Walküre*, were instead to shout the name of some Franconian blood sausage. The music, with its noble melodies, intriguing harmonies, and engaging Leitmotifs, carries itself with supreme integrity.

So the reading of Cosima Wagner's diaries of life with Richard is by no means essential for anyone who desires simply to deepen his love of the music-dramas themselves; listening alone can accomplish that. But it is a fascinating exercise all the same. This first volume (a second, covering Wagner's last six years, is forthcoming) chronicles the period in which *Götterdämmerung* was composed and the Festspielhaus was built at Bayreuth. These were efforts on a truly heroic scale. An intimate account of them exceeds in intrinsic interest any Court or Cabinet diary conceivable. It is hard to imagine anything comparable, unless a dutiful archangel took some notes during the time period covered by *Genesis* which have yet to be discovered.

Cosima kept the diary in order to justify her life to her children. She herself had been born illegitimate, the daughter of a French countess and the lusty Liszt. But her conscience was uneasy, because she had abandoned a decent husband, the conductor Hans von Bülow, and their two daughters in order to fly to Wagner's side, taking her two illegitimate children (by Wagner) with her. Cosima was a romantic of the first order. Her passion for Wagner derived directly from a conviction that her mission in life was to serve this great genius. Certainly this was no mere physical infatuation (at least not on her side). Twenty-four years her senior, Wagner was the more active lover. At one point in the diaries Cosima comments in a resigned tone that the physical side of love is more Richard's interest than her own—but perhaps this is only nineteenth century rhetoric, with obbligato accompaniment.

Of course, she made the right decision in every respect. A subscriber to Wagner's notion of elevation-through-suffering (she was a subscriber to all of Wagner's notions), she seems to relish her conscientious anguish. In any case her mission was well chosen and well served. Domestic tranquillity was clearly helpful to Wagner's work, and when such work is the *Ring*, absolutely nothing else is important except making sure that it gets done. Wagner, for his part, was enchanted with his horse-faced Cosima; he seems to have appreciated her uncritical devotion. Since they both agreed that Wagner was greater than any other living creature, there was no jealousy. The arrangement worked well for them, which does not make it a model for anyone else. The second oboe player in the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra should be prepared to settle for something less.

The diaries are mainly a chronicle of small matters, as would be expected. But in the Wagner household, these include such things as the comings and goings of young Professor Nietzsche, then in his idolatrous, *Birth of Tragedy* stage. Nietzsche seems particularly to have enjoyed informing Cosima of the latest slanders against Wagner making the rounds of the Basel cognoscenti. Cosima would receive this news indignantly and tell Richard, who would holler about the Jews who were trying to do him in. Cosima's entry of August 3, 1871 makes it clear that Nietzsche never gave himself up completely to the Wagner cult. He "is certainly the most

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gifted of our young friends," she writes, "but a not quite natural reserve makes his behavior in many respects most displeasing. It is as if he were trying to resist the overwhelming effect of Wagner's personality."

There is much unintentional hilarity here, some of it enhanced by Cosima's relentless solemnity. Wagner was a finicky fellow, and the slightest disturbance could keep him from working. "R. works" is repeated at least a thousand times, but when "R." cannot work, we are informed with exclamation marks. Cosima is a careful recorder of dreams, and on one occasion we read of her "nightmares and wild dreams of helping to murder V. Hugo!" On another occasion, she awakens after a sleep bothered by visions of Bismarck. Whenever he wandered away from his own home, Wagner ran the risk of not being treated with proper reverence. At one point in the middle of the Franco-Prussian war, Cosima goes on for several lines about the terrible humiliation endured by Richard while he was taking a stroll: his milkman swore at him in French!

THEY REALLY were a curious pair. Evenings were spent in terribly earnest readings of the classics, punctuated by Richard's dialectical interpretations. Cosima and Richard are endlessly declaring to each other that life apart would be death, and yet death together is the goal they actually seek. Toward the end of this volume, sitting together after dinner at Haus Wahnfried, Cosima asks him "whether he had not discovered a means of performing magic, of making me cease to be, absorbing me into himself," and Richard points his finger at their tomb. Yet he is so obviously consumed with worldly ambition, and she so eager to assist him, that all the Schopenhauerian blather filling these pages provokes cackles.

Ultimately all of that is unimportant, though, because the music-dramas got written, and they remain. The various butcheries by opera houses cannot alter their appeal on records. The ghostly quarrels of the nineteenth century cannot have the slightest effect on us. There is no other music like this, and all the unpleasant and even preposterous aspects of Wagner's personality are dissolved once a conductor lifts his baton, and the first shiver of violins signals life in the depths of the Rhine. □

Walker Percy: An American Search
By Robert Coles
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 250 pp., $12.50

OUT OF THE GRAND CANYON

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

Best known, perhaps, for his first novel, *The Moviegoer*, which won a National Book Award in 1962, Walker Percy hails from a moneyed and distinguished Southern family. Orphaned at 14, Percy was raised by an uncle, Will Percy, himself a man of letters, who combined a "stoic *noblesse oblige*" with the touch of bohemia that came with his liberality and his literary leanings and activities, including the flow of writers, artists, and scholars—among them Faulkner, Harry Stack Sullivan, Stephen Vincent Benét, Carl Sandburg, and assorted European illuminati—who sojourned at his home in Greenville, Mississippi.

Not ambitious for a literary career of his own, Percy studied medicine at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, but, though he received his degree, he was never to practice. Stricken by tuberculosis in 1940, he spent five years in a sanatorium, emerged to travel a bit through the South and Southwest, married, settled in a suburb of New Orleans, and, as Robert Coles puts it, "gave himself to a contemplative life."

From 1947 to 1954, when his first essay was published, Percy, who "was not wealthy, but had enough money to get by," devoted himself to the voracious and methodical reading of books. This, Coles tells us, was pursuit of life (in Kierkegaard's phrase) " 'on the plane of the ethical': the responsibilities of parenthood, the steady acquisition of knowledge, which then must be sifted and evaluated rather than used (as children are all too often) to preen oneself and show off." The purity of this enterprise, one begins to suppose, inheres for Coles in the fact that Dr. Percy fought off any temptation he may have had to sully himself in the world of human affairs.

Following his maiden appearance in print, Percy continued to turn out essays at irregular intervals—mostly scholarly pieces on linguistics, aesthetics, moral philosophy, theology, psychiatry; these were eventually collected in *The Message in the Bottle*, published in 1975. He has also written three more novels since *The Moviegoer*: *The Last Gentleman* (1966), *Love in the Ruins* (1971), and *Lancelot* (1977).

As Coles has it, "when Percy began writing essays he was trying to come to terms with the kind of life many people live today—Americans of the twentieth century. He saw the emptiness, the shallowness abroad in the land; he saw the 'quiet desperation' if not the noisy despair." Steeped in the broodings of intellectual "forebears" like Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Gabriel Marcel—themselves grappling with modern man's spiritual inheritance of homelessness, dread, a natural world that seems to be completely out of harmony with human existence—Percy, both in his essays and through the protagonists of his novels, is a seeker after whatever may lie beyond the confines of mundane consciousness. As the protagonist of *The Moviegoer*, Binx Bolling, puts it: "The search is what anyone would undertake if he were not sunk in the everydayness of his own life. To become aware of the possibility of the search is to be onto something. Not to be onto something is to be in despair."

In general, Percy's protagonists stand apart from the ordinary life around them. They are devotees of a species of "freedom" granted only to persons of exquisitely tuned awareness and sensibility, bemused and dismayed by the boredom and blindness in which the race of common men seem to pass their days. (Percy once devoted an entire essay to denigrating those who come to the Grand Canyon and, as he was pleased to assume, never for a moment apprehend its real magnificence.)

But what, precisely, awaits those few who rise above "the pressures, the boredom, the fearful ingratiation, the surrender of more and more personal territory in the interests of 'success' or 'adjustment' or practicality . . ." that are, the reader is meant to agree, the

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earmarks of a typical experience of life in spiritually impoverished America? Alas—and despite Percy's Catholicism which might, at least, have lent some muscle to his moralism—the rewards of the "transcendence" Coles's critical study labors to describe seem vague at best and effete at worst. Cultivate a rarefied appreciation of the Grand Canyon Coles and Percy admonish, or take your place among the bovine herds who tramp there oozing Polaroids and polyester.

Robert Coles, of course, has devoted a professional lifetime (in his massive multi-volume study of the American poor entitled *Children of Crisis*, other books on sundry "oppressed" Americans, and virtually countless magazine articles) to chronicling the varieties of despair that crass, morally malnourished America visits upon her children, her poor, her rich, her women, her minorities, and even her mindless and complacent middle class. Why this particular book on Walker Percy by this particular commentator? Both, to be sure, are men of impeccable cultivation, straining to approach with sympathy the imperfect world of struggling and striving in which most people necessarily pass their days. But finally, a patronizing disdain for the commonality signals, for each, a badge of salvation, and round-the-clock attentiveness to the state of one's own "consciousness" seems the *sine qua non* of the life worth living. The road to sanctimony is paved with good intentions. ❑

FILM

TIMELY AND UNTIMELY

JOHN SIMON

Whatever else it isn't, *The China Syndrome* must be the luckiest film ever made. This story of near-disaster in an atomic power plant was heralded by circulars from various scientific bodies assuring us that it was a disaster movie of the worst kind because its scare tactics had a more realistic look and played on more fundamental fears than all those supercolossal potboilers about blazing skyscrapers and killer bees. Yet hardly had the film opened across the nation when a strikingly similar incident occurred at the Three Mile Island nuclear facility located at a town named, with the perfection of a press agent's dream come true, Middletown. A line in the film says that such an accident could wipe out an area the size of Pennsylvania—which is where Middletown is. What has Columbia Pictures done to deserve this much from fate?

In *The China Syndrome* (a metaphoric term for a catastrophic melt-down in a nuclear reactor), Jane Fonda plays a rapidly rising Los Angeles TV reporter who is straining for more serious assignments; she and her cameraman, Michael Douglas, an unreconstructed Sixties student radical, find themselves on a routine tour of a nuclear power plant. A near-catastrophe (later pooh-poohed by the management) occurs, and Douglas surreptitiously films it. The footage, almost as explosive as the atom bomb, is shelved by the pusillanimous TV station manager (Peter Donat), under pressure from the powerful chairman of the board of the power plant—to Douglas' utter and Miss Fonda's considerable rage. Douglas steals back his film while Miss Fonda gets in touch with Jack Lemmon, the plant supervisor, in whom she stirs up doubts about whether the event was really so trivial as they had been told, and even about the desirability of nuclear power plants.

Lemmon does a bit of research and finds out that some of the equipment was inadequately tested, but that the management refuses to incur the loss of revenue proper corrective testing would entail. He proposes to reveal these facts to an outside investigation that is under way, but the strong criminal arm of management is by now out to get him and anyone else who could hurt the corporate interest. One of Douglas' assistants, carrying Lemmon's evidence, is nearly killed, and the evidence is absconded with; Lemmon has no choice but to lock himself into the bullet-proof-glass control room of the plant and threaten to blow it up unless Miss Fonda and Douglas are permitted to interview him *in situ* for television, thus alerting the public to the danger from the flawed plant.

I should not reveal any more of the plot, but I must say that this taut, intelligent, and chillingly gripping thriller turns in the end unduly melodramatic—a bit too improbable even for a genre that thrives on exaggeration. The conclusion is both false and bathetic. Getting the story on television by making a hitherto frightened assistant of Lemmon's talk into a microphone is giving that questionable medium an undeserved halo; and an explosion in the plant, which surely would have permitted perilous radiation to escape, is glossed over as harmless. The idea was to have shots of terrifyingly collapsing structures without making the film too scary: having your catastrophe without losing your box office. Worst of all, Lemmon, so resourceful and strong till the end, must suddenly and improbably turn to jelly.

Still, even aside from its extraordinary timeliness (life, which has been known to imitate art, has now included cinematic melodrama in its repertoire), *The China Syndrome* has other robust virtues. Recent movies have laid the blame for the world's ills on everyone from the Mafia to Mom, but have tended to spare big business, which here at last gets its well-deserved lumps. Its kid-gloved sinisterness is shown as hiding some mighty knuckle-dusters, and not till the end does the script itself turn hamfisted with overstatement. The efforts of a sexy but also talented TV newswoman to upgrade herself from soft to hard news are chronicled with a fine irony that speaks louder than feminist frenzy. There is a whole slew of convincingly delineated minor characters, and the plant supervisor in his agonizing dilemma very nearly becomes a genuine tragic hero. Jack Lemmon trenchantly portrays this unspectacular man's rise to great moral heights as well as his ultimate collapse: no one can convey specious cheerfulness better than Lemmon or make you feel more clammily sweaty under the collar.

The only trouble is that, however good he is, Lemmon somehow remains himself; Jane Fonda, conversely, seems born anew with every dead-on-target performance. Here, it is exciting to watch the character's awakening social consciousness overpower but never quite

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dislodge a fund of show-biz egomania. Michael Douglas is boringly himself as the cameraman, and the fact that he often mispronounces "nuclear" as "nucular" does not further endear him. In general, though, the film's strongest suit is the casting: excellent but little-known supporting actors (among whom Wilford Brimley as the intimidated assistant is outstanding) give the film a documentary quality, assisted also by the no-nonsense direction of James Bridges, even if it may lean a trifle too heavily on the old device of cross-cutting. The screenplay by Mike Gray, T. S. Cook, and Bridges pays laudable attention to details, including much near-subliminal dialogue that nevertheless has cumulative impact in, say, evoking the chaotic shenanigans of TV broadcasting. James Crabe's cinematography, incisive without artiness, hits the spot, as does George Jenkins' production design. Even without Three Mile Island, *The China Syndrome* would be worth seeing; with it, it may well be a must.

~

There was no good reason for making a movie out of the musical *Hair* at a time too early for nostalgia and too late for anything else. Miloš Forman, the director, got the interesting young playwright Michael Weller (*Moonchildren*, etc.) to supply a story line for what was essentially a plotless stage show. This proves a double deprivation: for the sake of plodding padding, several good songs had to be cut. Still others, like the title song, no longer fit into the scheme of things: what have prisoners jumping all over their jail to do with "Hair"? Forman, in fact, has made some extraordinary mistakes, such as engaging a major choreographer like Twyla Tharp and then allowing the camera to perform a rival choreography of its own, undercutting and finally, almost obliterating the world according to Tharp.

Even more serious a problem is that of sympathy, which Forman clearly—and rightly, in this context—wants to go to the flower children (whatever they may have been like in reality); yet the actors portraying them—and particularly Treat Williams, as their leader—are so thoroughly unappetizing that one finds oneself rooting for the wealthy stuffed shirts, the police, the army, and all the other adversary powers the film would have us reprehend. Moreover, Forman has cast as Sheila, the upper-class heroine whose conversion to hippiedom is the crux of the tale, Beverly D'Angelo, whose lack of talent, charm, looks, and hauteur is such that she could no more pass for upper-crust than a camel for the thread in a needle's eye.

With the exception of Miles Chapin, who plays a typical preppy to frightening perfection, and Cheryl Barnes, who brings a grave poise to the cliché part of an unwed and abandoned black mother, there are only undistinguished or bad performers at work. John Savage, so fine in *The Deer Hunter*, plays the naïve farm boy who turns hippie and then near-cannon-fodder stolidly, like someone to the manure born and not to be weaned from it. There are two good things about *Hair*, however, but only two. One is the "Black Boys, White Boys" number, in which a homosexual draft board comically lusts for the inductees; the other is a sequence in which the brilliant camera of Miroslav Ondříček captures in terms of chiaroscuro the fate awaiting a long line of soldiers marching into, and being engulfed by, a transport plane for Vietnam. For this, Forman's eye also deserves praise, as it does for the sudden cut to a field of military graves. But even two swallows do not make a summer. □

TELEVISION

LESS IS MORE

M. J. SOBRAN

NBC has re-broadcast Franco Zeffirelli's *Jesus of Nazareth*, and its very excellences point up its failure. Nearly everything about it is fine; I don't expect ever to see a better version of the Gospel story; but somehow it doesn't work.

Part of the problem is that it's one of those Who's Who spectaculars: a synod of great actors in great cameos—Ustinov, Plummer, Olivier, Richardson, Mason. Ustinov, as Herod, is a terrifying figure, all right, not because of any royal grandeur but precisely because he embodies pure petulance liberated by absolute power, raging with violent self-pity at the rumor of a *baby*. But then he's gone, and it's somebody else's turn to be memorable for a minute. By the time Ernest Borgnine and Anthony Quinn turn up, it's wearing pretty thin. The big names flashing by have the unfortunate effect of emphasizing the discontinuity of the Gospels, especially when they are conflated to get all the facts in. The acting, the dusty visual beauty, the pungent Jewishness of the intimate scenes—these are undermined by the attempt to be comprehensive.

It seems cruel to dispraise Robert Powell's Jesus, a noble and tasteful effort, neither saccharine nor sanctimonious; but avoiding vice isn't the same thing as achieving virtue. Often he is lovable; always he is inoffensive—which is the trouble. Jesus went around shocking as he healed, performing miracles to stave off enemies for a while, withholding claims more shocking than the ones he made publicly. And even his confidants were shocked by his confidences. Powell gives us a Jesus who is too easily taken for granted, a conventional Jesus. He should have reminded us how strange the convention itself is. As lawyers say, one needs a certain "standing" to forgive sins: you must be either the victim of particular sins, or else God. A man who without explanation tells people that their sins are forgiven is on the face of it annoying at least. The saner he seems, the more outrageous. Nobody but a villain could feel the urge to humiliate and kill a nice British gentleman like Powell's Jesus. But we shouldn't be permitted to feel so superior to those who hated Christ; and this production lets us feel superior even to the disciples.

Of course we have an unfair advantage over them to begin with: we know how the story comes out. But that very fact turns the story into ritual, whereas the point of a dramatization is to dramatize, to immerse our emotions in the flow of events. Jesus has to be made more vivid than an icon, and we must at least be made to feel why people no worse than most of us could marvel, wonder, be troubled and antagonized by him. We aren't innocent enough to react that way to this story; for us the Good News is stale news. The dramatist must help us to approach it freshly, like a little child. Anthony Burgess' script spares us the rod and spoils us with grown-up familiarity.

Burgess himself is a lapsed Catholic, he says, and this has one good effect: he left his faith at once rather than by the liberalizing degrees that so often re-

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duce the Gospels to a de-supernaturalized husk before they are finally discarded; so, while treating it as a fiction he allows the story its integrity. But this also causes him to tell it with a nostalgic reverence that ignores its urgency, its challenge, its danger to those who hear it. So he avoids inventing dialogue for Jesus, and Powell must speak like a walking Bartlett's, while those around him are free to talk politics and weather and ask where the men's room is.

In this solemn isolation the invented contexts are too artificial, the Word lacks flesh, and his give-and-take with the world becomes pure sermon-*cum*-soulful-gazing rather than mutual provocation. To be flesh is to be commonplace and therefore to have frequent occasion to say less than eloquent things; the real challenge of portraying Jesus is to show him between his miracles of act and word. If we can see him eating, we should be able to hear him asking for the butter and commenting on the food. Otherwise his great utterances can't surprise: and we know that every time Powell opens his mouth we are about to hear something we already know. The Gospels do not present a Jesus of aloofness and taciturnity; they are deliberately concentrated and stylized, but their Jesus is a *presence*—which Powell must attempt futilely to convey, in between the red-letter speeches, with looks of pensive kindliness. What we want is fiery love; and this is falsified by reverent silences.

Can that presence possibly be conveyed? Perhaps it must be done obliquely if at all. C. S. Lewis tried through the medium of fairy tales. As he once explained: "Why did one find it so hard to feel as one ought to feel about God or about the sufferings of Christ? I thought the chief reason was that one was told one ought to. An obligation to feel can freeze feelings. And reverence itself did harm. The whole subject was associated with lowered voices; almost as if it were something medical. But supposing that by casting all these things into an imaginary world, stripping them of their stained-glass and Sunday School associations, one could make them for the first time appear in their real potency? Could one not thus steal past those watchful dragons? I thought one could."

So Lewis invented the kingdom of Narnia and the lion Aslan, a Christ-like (though not, so to speak, Powell-like) figure to whom he could give invented words without fear of sacrilege. Aslan is less Christ than an imaginative equivalent, a brilliant and successful intimation of here-and-now holiness, like first love's joys and fears re-created.

The Children's Television Workshop has produced a fine animated version of the first of the Narnia tales, *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. CBS showed it in two hour-long segments, the first of which overlapped with the first night of *Jesus of Nazareth*. No doubt it will be shown again;

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and I hope the Workshop will exercise its right to produce the whole Narnia cycle. Apart from its general wit and fancy, this *Lion*'s suggestive analogies conveyed far more of Gethsemane and Calvary than *Jesus*' literal version. Who would think a cartoon of a dead lion could top Olivier & Co.? But it did, precisely because it chose imagination over pious associations. As they say, less is more. Maybe that's a Gospel lesson. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE FARMERS' PROTEST

D. KEITH MANO

They seem built for another gravity: tractors do: high and small-headed and perturbing. The kind of father-surrogate that will prowl after you in dreams: gruff, inexorable, harrowing, but never quite fast enough. And extra-eerie in contrast to that serene, self-involved, always unhelpful farmland around. Now, under the Capitol's orange-juice-squeezer dome, they once again appear incongruous: anachronistic in two directions: not tyrannosaur, not moon vehicle. I count maybe one hundred left from the Great Farm Protest: it all resembles a prime location International Harvester lot. Here and there the Capitol Mall has been rudely cultivated: deep tread-marking like that of a three-foot-wide screw. Buses—those servile, Uncle Tom machines—have been bumper-to-bumpered around the Mall: a barricade separating someone from someone.

But the tableau is un-vivant this early March afternoon. You see, well . . . media people reported a long while ago that the farm plow-in had four-wheel-driven itself home: no news is no existence: the tractor I see has gone. And to protect those solipsists at ABC-NBC-CBS from discovering an impudent, parallel universe, the D.C. police have reaped the farmers out. Convoyed them just yesterday into Virginia or Delaware: camper and sleeping bag and Sterno. But the tractors remain. It's as inconvenient as a case of cutworm blight: they've gotta commute every day to their own political demonstration.

I WISH I WAS A DOG AND CARTER WAS A PEANUT TREE.

SNAIL DARTER MORE RIGHTS THAN A FARMER.

NOT NOW JIMMY, WE'VE GOT A HEADACHE.

EXPORT CARTER, DEPORT BERGLAND, IMPORT NOTHING.

Some of these down-home folk have a future editing walls on the F train. But, again and again, I read:

WE MEAN BUSINESS: 100% PARITY.

One hundred per cent parity? Go on, tell me you know what that means. I didn't. Press coverage in New York—which was slight as a *déjà-vu* chat between left lobe and right lobe—had given off the standard impression: *farmers want more profit, probably deserve it, but your Special K will cost more.* Now, though, I read a sign that flat-irons the old oculomotor nerve.

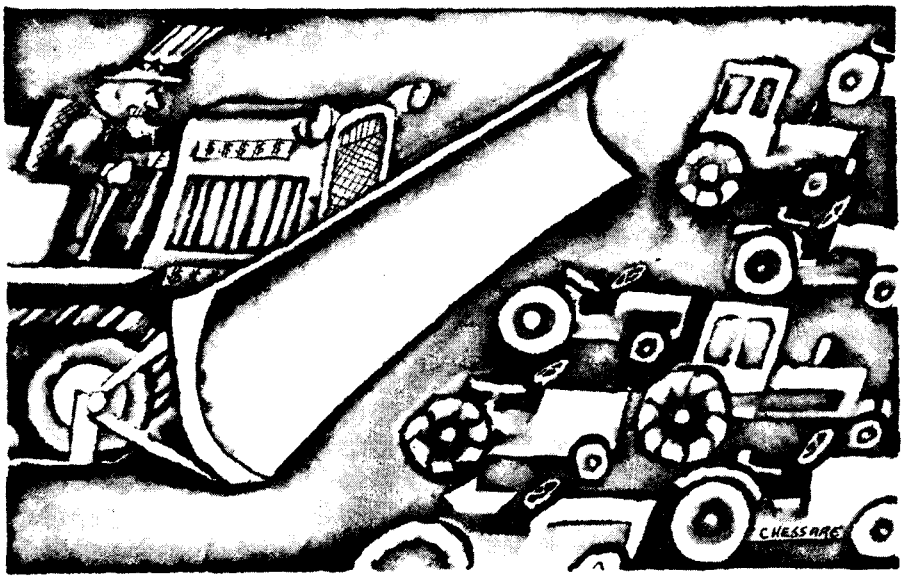
1948: WHEAT $3.20, BREAD 15¢.
1978: WHEAT $3.00, BREAD 75¢.

Like the man said, Can you gimme two tens for a five? I'm incredulous: I'd mull it over, but my mind hasn't seated a quorum yet. I need to farm the problem out.

RUBBER DUCK and Tennessee Ernie from Kansas have just commuted back. Rubber Duck, who led the tractor battalion (2,500 then) into D.C., is getting his snap shot by a group of low-high-school-age children. Everyone likes fame: even if'n it's just your own weekly series on CB. They are attractive, articulate men: albeit a bit overloaded on the arch-rustic side. They lecture, trying to out-Lincoln each other. "We feel our rights have been abridged. We've been impounded here for over a month. They won't even let us drive our tractors out: we have to pay to get them truck-hauled. But we still believe this country is worth saving. You kids—you go take a look at the Constitution and the Bill of Rights while you're here. Protect them. It's bright young minds like yours this nation is going to need." The tourist children are grave: as though suddenly drafted. And one bright young mind will ask me, a voice-change even in his whisper, "What's 100 per cent parity?" This dim, middle-aged mind dunno: except he suspects there probably isn't 100 per cent of anything in the world.

Kansas Ernie has tongue-flipped his pinch of Skoal. "You know a farm dollar turns seven times in the economy. And the man who delivers your bread makes as much as the farmer. Right now farmers are all on deficit buying. It costs $3.40 to grow wheat, and the government says we have to sell it for $2.75. It's because of the cheap-food policy of this nation. If we could sell wheat the way OPEC sells oil, there'd be no balance of payments deficit. One hundred per cent parity just means we want the true free market value. But we can't even export for a fair price. Five major grain companies control 85 per cent of export. And three of them are foreign-owned. Why, we sell wheat to Japan so cheap they slap an $8 per bushel tariff on it. And as for the Russian grain deals . . ."

As for indeed . . . Explain me that, our cheap-food program. Do some commodities have more moral tonnage? You can slick oil up to $1 per gallon because oil will only support a deca-



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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THIS WEEK'S disclosure from the Department of Cold Comfort is that, as bad as tax and spending problems are in the United States, they are even worse in other countries.

Such, in any event, is the picture sketched for us by Richard Rose of the University of Strathclyde (in Scotland) and Guy Peters of Tulane in *Can Government Go Bankrupt?* (Basic Books, $12.50). This is a well researched and carefully argued survey of economic trends in five Western European nations (Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Sweden) and the United States. Its principal message is that the growth of the welfare state in all these countries has outstripped the growth of national product, and has in fact become so large as to endanger chances of economic progress.

In making this indictment, the authors bring to bear a wealth of data concerning government spending as a percentage of national product, rates of productivity advance, the rise in taxes, and the net effect of all these factors on take-home pay. In every nation, they show, the trend has been toward ever-bigger government, with resulting losses of productivity. Of the six nations considered, Sweden has the biggest hunk of GNP absorbed by government (54 per cent), America the lowest (36 per cent), with the other four ranged in between.

There are other discrepancies, deriving not only from the pace of government advance but from differences in national technique. E.g., Britain, with its enormous spending burden, state-owned industries, and hostility toward innovation, has the worst track-record on economic growth. Sweden, which for years had boosted productivity by policies favorable to investment, is apparently feeling the drag of too much government, period; it is barely ahead of the British in the productivity stakes. Also, despite the attention lavished on Sweden's GNP in recent years, the workers don't get to keep very much of it—their taxes are too high. As a result, Sweden (alone among all the nations considered by Rose and Peters) experienced an actual *decline* in take-home pay in the period 1970-1976. Meanwhile, America, which has less government *in toto* but a tax structure hostile to investment, is only slightly better off in terms of productivity.

Rose and Peters focus chiefly on the size of government as an obstacle to economic progress; Peter Drucker prefers to contemplate the nature of it. Government, he argues in *The Age of Discontinuity* (Harper Colophon Books, $4.95), is intrinsically hostile to new ideas, in that it is committed by design and the dynamics of the political process to the protection of vested interests —be they business, labor, academics, or welfare mothers. As such, it is by its nature opposed to serious technological and economic change. And change, as Drucker sees it, is the name of the game.

THE BOOK in which he makes this argument was published ten years ago in hardcover and has now appeared in paperback, with an introductory update by the author. As Drucker himself observes, events have dealt kindly with his analysis. Among other things, he discusses the shift of our economy toward the "knowledge industries," the comparative obsolescence of such older businesses as steel, the emergence of the multinational corporation, the economic rise of Taiwan and Japan. The book was a remarkably good prevision of what was going to happen in the global economy.

Drucker is rigidly non-doctrinaire and has a fine eye for detail and procedural distinctions—which is both a strength and a weakness. The strength is that he sees so many things in his own original way, as in his analysis of the technical constraints on government action. The weakness is that he tends to miss the problems that are not procedural in character. All things considered, however, a classic book about the economic times in which we live. □

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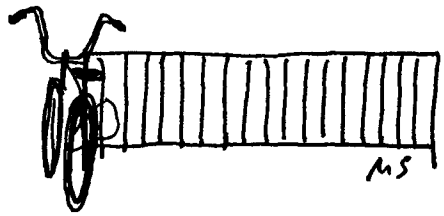
dent, two-car-garage society. While fair-pricing food is, oh, uncompassionate. Or could Ernie possibly be right? He told me: "Every President since 1922 has been a member of David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission. It's big business taking over. Who owns Wonder Bread? ITT. They can afford to superfarm even at no profit. It's a tax loss to them. We spoke to a man at the Ag Department, we told him we were going under. Flat-out he said, 'That's good. We think there are too many farmers now. We want to get it down to 250,000.' Then the agribusinesses can buy up our land."

Now, I'm peevish about this Rockefeller/big business conspiracy talk: it sounds too much like an ELECT LAROUCHE poster glued around some Lafayette Street lamp-post. Yet these are conservative men: they want Crane and Reagan. And you can understand their dumbfoundedness: their lust for conspirators. American farm/food policy is mad: but at least there should be a method, even diabolical.

The media strangled last winter's farm protest, by ignoring it attentively. I mean all the media: CBS, NBC, yes, and *NR*. Here we have free-trade, anti-Communist, nuclear-family folk and, by God, there hasn't been a single sentence, a single parenthetical phrase, about farm protest in *NR*. Not in "The Week," not in "For the Record." Cato didn't glance out his window once. The Back of the Book hereby invites the Front of the Book to exculpate itself. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DELUSION & REALITY: *Gambits, Hoaxes, & Diplomatic One-Upmanship in Vietnam, by János Radványi (Gateway, 295 pp., $10.95).* Until Brezhnev or Le Duc Tho defects, this book will probably remain the most authoritative account of how the Communists won the diplomatic war in Vietnam. Radványi had a ring-side seat for the search for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. From his vantage point as head of the Hungarian legation in Washington in the mid-Sixties, he was privy to much of the behind-the-scenes maneuvering the Communists engaged in. By the summer of 1965, the American bombing was achieving its desired effect, on North Vietnamese morale as well as industry. The Soviets informed their satellites that the North Vietnamese needed a respite from the bombing to build anti-aircraft



defenses, to restore communications lines, and to re-supply their troops. That fall Hungarian Foreign Minister János Péter informed Washington that the North Vietnamese would be willing to negotiate after a U.S. halt in the bombing. Despite many misgivings, the U.S. decided, after weeks of internal debate, to halt the bombing. North Vietnam responded with a bitter denunciation of the United States. While the Soviets were aware of Péter's diplomatic initiative—indeed they encouraged it—he had not informed the North Vietnamese, who continued to think they would not have to resort to diplomacy to gain their victory. The Péter initiative, Radványi shows, was but one of several traps the Kremlin, assisted by its eager-to-please satellites, set for a highly susceptible U.S. Government desperate to bring the boys home. By the time the North Vietnamese agreed to negotiate in 1968, Radványi was no longer a member of the Hungarian legation. In 1967, disgusted by the Communist "policy of hatred," he informed Secretary of State Dean Rusk that he wished asylum in the United States. Thus he was on the side-lines for the last eight years of the Vietnam War, whence he saw that the North Vietnamese had finally grasped the lesson the Soviets were trying to impress upon them: they could make war and negotiate peace simultaneously. KEVIN LYNCH

THE WRITINGS OF A SAVAGE, *by Paul Gauguin, edited by Daniel Guérin, with an introduction by Wayne Anderson (Viking, 304 pp., $17.95).* Paul Gauguin's life is one of the legendary tales of the art world. A successful stockbroker's agent, a bourgeois husband and father of five children, abandons all to devote himself to painting, first with Van Gogh, then alone in Martinique, and finally in isolation in Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands in the South Pacific. His escape from Europe was one of the great romances of his day; and it is the irony of his life that the romantic image of the "savage in paradise," which was his creation, forced him to remain in Tahiti even after he had discovered that the petty official class of Frenchman, which he hated, had not only preceded him to paradise but managed to dominate it. He kept the romantic image alive in letters to old friends in Paris—one of whom wrote to him, "You must not return! Now you are as the great dead. You have passed into the history of art!"—even while he expressed, in his personal memoirs, his desire to return to France. Much of this comes over clearly in *The Writings of a Savage*. These letters are restless, often peevish, demanding attention for himself, demanding decent prices for his work, asking for news of the literary and artistic world of Paris, while at the same time insisting on the superiority of his place of retreat. There are delightful commentaries on his childhood and his time with Van Gogh, descriptions of Degas and of the native and colonial life of Oceania. Yet, despite Gauguin's sensual imagery, flamboyant phraseology, and lush description, I do not agree with Guérin and Anderson that Gauguin had literary pretensions. One should not forget that Gauguin was a first-rate public relations man, always adding to and protecting the image he had created for himself. His writing lacks the sincerity of his art. Still, much of the book is interesting, and illuminating. THOMAS BRIDGES

RECOMBINANT DNA: THE UNTOLD STORY, *by John Lear (Crown, 280 pp., $8.95).* Lear takes a long look through the microscope at the biological and political problems with patching together deoxyribonucleic acids (DNA), the chemical strands in living cells responsible for passing similar bodily characteristics from one generation to the next. Now, however, microbiologists have learned how to "splice together" DNA from unlike organisms and have already formed viruses not found in nature. Lear reports on the dispute over the potential dangers from such creations, were they to escape the lab. These doubtful new viruses were paid for with tax money; they might not have been had people known more about them. Scientists for the most part keep their mouths shut when they're doing dangerous work, complains Lear, and believe that they should regulate themselves: we should give them money, then let them alone. Lear credits a young biologist named Robert Pollack with blowing the whistle as early as 1971. A West Coast scientist was about to spend tax money to splice DNA. Pollack telephoned him and bawled him out for lacking a social conscience; his call set in motion a series of scientific gatherings—meticulously reported by Lear—at which various rules were devised. Of course, the government finally stepped in with even tougher rules. Scientists must now have Washington's approval for DNA research; anyone who gene-splices on his own is a crook. However, the scary recombinations go on. The only difference is that the government has appointed itself chief dabbler. And Lear says it is dabbling with a passion. Brand new viruses are in the making at Fort Detrick, Md. The viruses can cause cancer. "Risk assessment" is the government's justification.

PAUL T. HORNAK

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We asked Americans:

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A March, 1979 sampling of public opinion, conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc.,* shows that most Americans feel U.S. industry isn't conserving energy: 53% say industry is using more energy per unit of production than at the time of the 1973 oil boycott. And 29% say industry is using "the same amount."

But a majority see no rise in home use of electricity.

When asked about their own efforts to conserve energy, 52% say they are using about the same amount of electricity at home as in 1973. And 44% feel they are using about the same amount of gasoline, heating oil and natural gas.

What has happened in energy conservation?

Facts to support the belief that individuals are using less or the same amount of gasoline and fuels are hard to come by—since government figures often combine household and commercial use. But the facts do show that the residential and commercial share of the total U.S. energy consumption has gotten *larger* since 1973. And the industrial share has gotten *smaller.*

- According to Edison Electric Institute average home use of electricity is up almost 10% since the 1973 embargo.
- Since 1973, the U.S. Department of Energy reports, industry has reduced its share of U.S. energy consumption from 39.1% to 35.4%.

What do we gain from conservation?

While many may have ignored initial appeals for energy conservation, inflation and an unstable world have given conservation a very real urgency. Conservation won't make energy less costly in a time of inflation. But it will keep America's energy bills more affordable.

In short, energy conservation is now an economic necessity. Given the real and rising costs of energy, Americans can't afford not to conserve.

What government is doing about energy.

President Carter has submitted to Congress standby conservation plans for gasoline rationing and restrictions on weekend gasoline sales, building temperatures and display lighting.

For the longer term, the White House, Congress and DOE are examining ways both to induce conservation and to provide additional energy supplies—a task complicated by the need to find solutions that are realistic, economically sound—and acceptable to the American people.

What approaches to conservation do Americans favor?

Americans give majority acceptance to two ways to achieve energy conservation: 68% go along with voluntary programs and 62% with conservation laws, short of rationing. A 40% minority accept rationing. And 32% say "raising the price of energy" has a role to play.

The next step.

Perhaps the biggest boost to conservation will come when our policies are based on realistic energy pricing. Once we no longer try to isolate ourselves from the real costs of energy, we won't be tempted to use more than we really need. Each of us will have an incentive to cut waste because we know energy's true costs.

The reality of rising prices: Much of the oil we use comes from abroad—and at skyrocketing prices. The oil we use at home is kept at artificially low prices by federal regulations. And inflation and our desire for a cleaner environment make new domestic energy resources increasingly costly to develop.

Price is 'the one most persuasive factor': Acknowledging the role of prices in fostering energy conservation, President Carter recently described rising prices as "the most persuasive factor" in constraining waste.

A hesitation to apply price remedies: The problem with higher energy prices is that none of us like to pay them—and some of us can't afford to. And our elected representatives understandably hesitate to apply price remedies to energy ills. But given current energy realities, pricing energy resources at their actual costs may be a conservation tool we can't afford to ignore.

New support for price incentives? The March study shows a low 32% of Americans now accept higher prices as an energy conservation measure. But others might also give their support if convinced that phased-in higher prices honestly reflect costs; don't provide windfall profits; and are fairly apportioned among all groups of the consuming public.

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*Conducted by telephone among a national probability sampling of 1,000 adults.

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REHYANSKY

(Continued from page 612)

Can we afford to spend the money to get back in shape? (Never mind whether we can afford not to.) Nitze is quick to point out that the crucial need now is equivalence in strategic nuclear weapons, a commodity on which we are currently spending only 4 per cent of our $123-billion defense budget. More money would be nice, but more than more money, we need more wisely spent money. He is also impatient with those who argue that our choices are limited to a ratification of SALT II or a return to the cold war. He quickly recites the list of Soviet aggressions and atrocities over just the last five years, and asks if anyone can seriously believe that what was happening in the 1950s was any worse than what is happening right now.

Paul Nitze speaks quietly, quickly, undramatically. He leaves smiling, but looking tired; he has been down this road a lot lately. And while our leadership flails around like a pack of bush-leaguers dropped onto the diamond at Yankee Stadium during the seventh game of the World Series, he will go down it again, and again. His countrymen owe him a great debt.

The catalogue of our follies grows longer and the margin for error decreases as time runs out. This journal risked ridicule more than controversy when it wondered, in 1971, "if America is to figure at all in the world strategic equation in 1980." Now 1980 is upon us, our inferiority is established, perhaps irreversibly, and former SALT negotiators speak in terms of Finlandization by 1985. What will we be saying in 1985? Or will we by then be silent—quite, quite silent? □

RODMAN

(Continued from page 623)

paid the price—or are still paying it. Their guilt is not ours. Our country has put that behind it, as you can see. The barracks and crematorium at Dachau have been torn down. Only the monument to the victims stands, as it should. When all the survivors and relatives who wish to mourn there have gone, that may go too." But the older generation, including Chancellor Schmidt and his cabinet, still remember and may be more realistic. Even as our young friend spoke, preparations were going ahead in Berlin to memorialize the infamous *Kristallnacht* (November 9, 1938) and mourn its victims in a torchlight parade.

It was in Vienna, where antisemitism was almost universal in the decade before World War I, that Hitler observed the success of the mass parties built by Karl Lueger and Georg von Schoenerer upon this popular but still not lethal prejudice. Hitler acknowledges in *Mein Kampf* his debt to these "far-sighted" leaders.

No one can help liking the Viennese. Austrians work to live, the saying goes, Germans live to work. "If you live without working in Germany," a Viennese friend told us, "you're ostracized. Here you are admired." And since he had retired at thirty and seemed to be doing very well, we found ourselves admiring him too—well, to be honest, envying him, for his *Gemütlichkeit* and *joie de vivre*, which were certainly infectious. "Germans say the situation is serious but not hopeless," he went on with a laugh; "Austrians, that the situation is hopeless but not serious." "And where did Hitler fit into this society?" we asked our amiable guide. "The Austrians are a smart people," he answered. "They turned Beethoven into an Austrian and Hitler into a German."

We couldn't help smiling, but the truth is that Vienna gave Hitler a hero's welcome when he drove into the city on March 14, 1938, after being almost mobbed by hysterically cheering throngs at Braunau and Linz. A month later 99.73 per cent of Austria's voters (according to the Nazi count) approved the Anschluss, a slightly larger majority than Hitler had received in Germany for the same action. Rounding up and later deporting the Jews was left to local Nazis and met with no resistance.

No. The Austrians have every right to be proud of their culture, their capital, and their country. But to assume a superior attitude toward the Germans vis-à-vis Nazism is to be less than honest. The truth is that every country Hitler penetrated—France included—discovered the same poison of racism just under its skin; nor did any of them develop significant resistance movements until the tide had turned, late in 1942. More happily distant people like ourselves who think they would have been immune should ponder deeply those terrible decades and then take a trip among the survivors. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY

Constitutional Tinkering

On The Right

New York, April 25—The argument over the proposed constitutional amendment to limit federal spending proceeds at many levels. One argument currently being stressed by the amendment's opponents is that economic doctrine ought not to be written into the Constitution, both because economic doctrine is a modish thing, and because it is uncrystallized. That is certainly true. The disestablishment of John Maynard Keynes during the past two decades is as convulsive an experience in iconoclasm as Dorothy's discovery that the dreaded Wizard of Oz was a cowardly middle-aged man with amplifiers and a lightning-machine. A couple of years ago Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, interviewed in London, confessed that 15 years before, his fellow economists were pretty sure they had all the answers. "Now," said Professor Galbraith, "we know how much more there is to learn." If there is much more for other economists to learn, we can reflect, *a fortiori*, how much there is left for Professor Galbraith to learn.

Here is the way Professor Laurence Tribe of the Harvard Law School frames his complaint. Let us agree, he says, that during the recent period Congress has tended to overspend. I.e., it has been politically fashionable to overspend. "But suppose," he says, that tomorrow it became "equally fashionable" to underspend. There is, he insists, an argument against underspending, even as there is an argument against overspending. It is preposterous, he concludes, to lock the Constitution into an attitude in the matter, which changes, and rightly so, with the social seasons. Just as it is wrong to spend so wildly as to bring on inflation, it is wrong to underspend when today's capital investment can yield a generation's profit.

This criticism of the proposed amendment, although theoretically appealing, is unrealistic. Unrealistic because economic husbandry, in a democratic society, is far less likely than economic profligacy. The late Professor Wilhelm Röpke observed in a book published a generation ago that in the history of democratic government, no defeat of a political party can safely be attributed to public resentment of inflation. It does not follow that economic sophistication might not give us the the first exception to that rule. Even so, practical experience teaches us that the intensity with which an individual voter desires his particular benefit—whether Social Security, or high farm prices, or rent control, or hospital care, or corporate protectionism, or educational benefits—tends, in the crunch, to outweigh the less specified brief against inflation.

But the principal reason for writing some kind of economic flywheel into the Constitution is precisely the power accumulated by Congress to bribe the states into prolonged submission. And here nobody has spoken more eloquently than the principal and most powerful wheeler-dealer in the nation, House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill. Asked what were the prospects of the states' ratifying a tax limitation amendment, he commented that a hard look at federal aid to the states would "drive them to their senses." In other words, a state would finally fear to subscribe to a constitutional amendment after realizing that the resultant economies would mean an end to revenue sharing. We have here the ultimate cynicism: the state cannot afford to risk its own emancipation from federal overspending for fear that in doing so it will lose that money which is collected by the Federal Government, mostly from that state's own taxpayers, and then remitted to that state.

The Constitution is based on broad philosophical assumptions, many of them, but not all, stated in the Declaration of Independence. It would appear that the tendency of democratic governments to practice economic policies which induce inflation is now sufficiently pronounced, over a long enough period of time, to justify explicit recognition in the Constitution. For this reason, it is unjustified to say that the proposed reform is a question of economic tinkering. □

WANTED: A CONSTITUTIONAL CRUTCH

New York, April 23—As we all know who know anything at all about polemics, the most frequently used technique for attempting to abort a proposed reform is to recite a litany of the apocalyptic horrors that will follow upon its adoption. There are those who remember that organized labor in opposing the Taft-Hartley bill predicted that it would bring on Slave Labor. So it goes with the proposed Constitutional Convention to frame an amendment to limit federal spending. The most popular outcry against it has been that it would convoke an assembly of madmen whose jacobinical passions would transform the Constitution of the United States. There is nothing, it is widely believed, that would prohibit a Constitutional Convention, once convened, from going on to do anything it liked: prohibit abortion, prohibit affirmative action, repeal the Bill of Rights, hang Jimmy Carter on a sour apple tree, and so on. Concerning the above, a few observations:

1. It is gradually creeping into the public consciousness that, of course, no measure promulgated by the Constitutional Convention would become part of the Constitution until ratified by three-quarters of the states. The assumption that any fever that affected the Convention would communicate itself to the deliberative mansions of 38 states is, to say the least, unreasonable. Another way to put it is that if three-quarters of the states are indeed willing to repeal the Bill of Rights, we've had it anyway, and we may as well ease into tyranny via a Constitutional Convention as by any alternative route.

2. Who says the Convention called to consider tax limitation could consider matters that are unrelated to tax limitation? The Constitution is silent on the subject. And "since the Constitution is silent on details, the details become a political question. Since Congress issues the call, it can define the jurisdiction of the Convention." That is the view of Paul Freund, distinguished constitutional scholar at Harvard. That also is the view of Attorney General Bell. That also is the view of a Constitutional Convention Study Committee commissioned by the American Bar Association in 1971. In 1973 it reported, "Both pre-1787 convention practices and the general tenor of the amending provisions of the first state constitutions lend support to the conclusions that a convention could be convened for a specific purpose, and that, once convened, it would have no authority to exceed that purpose."

3. There is the practical economic argu-

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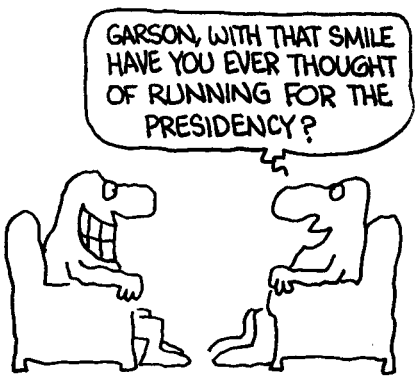
ment that flexibility is needed. Professor Milton Friedman, who wrote the amendment to which Senators Heinz and Stone have given their name, is quick to acknowledge that the notion of balancing a budget every single year is not an economic, let alone moral, imperative. Professor Laurence Tribe of the Harvard Law School comments, "The goal of a balanced budget would have to be couched either in such flexible and general terms as to be meaninglessly lax, or in such rigid terms as to be unthinkably harsh." Now that, on consideration, really doesn't make much sense. One of the 68 versions of the constitutional amendment sitting before the various relevant committees calls for a very simple change, namely, that all money bills must be approved by three-quarters of both houses. That is hardly a "meaninglessly lax" proposal. Milton Friedman's is shrewder yet. He would permit an increase in spending, but no greater than the increase in the preceding year's GNP. And then he would permit a two-thirds majority to increase that spending by a limited amount, and a three-quarters majority to spend without reference to the amendment. Laurence Tribe's principal opposition—and in this he is joined by such distinguished conservatives as James Jackson Kilpatrick—has to do with the nature of the amendment. "The Constitution embodies fundamental law and should not be made the instrument of specific social or economic policies."

The point is well taken. But the Constitution-worshippers should impose upon themselves a little perspective. In the first place, if they do indeed venerate the Constitution, then they should also venerate that clause in it which specifically provides for a Constitutional Convention called by two-thirds of the states. Why? The ABA report said that "the 'state' method [of amending the Constitution] was prompted by the belief that the national government might abuse its powers. It was felt that such abuses might be unremedied unless there was a vehicle of initiating amendments other than Congress." Now that is exactly what has happened.

During the past generation, it is the Supreme Court that has, in effect, amended the Constitution, whether for better or worse depends on one's view of things. But what has developed is that the voting public desires a sound dollar, is hopelessly bewildered by congressmen who engage in systematic deception during the campaign periods, and is therefore reaching not for a *deus ex machina*, but for a broad underlying imperative. It is on the order of the alcoholic who makes it a point to bar booze from his larder. Or the Christian who requires himself to go once weekly to church. Or the man who instructs his employer to deduct 10 per cent for the pension fund. It is a sophisticated insight into the frailties of democratic government, and the people are crying out for a little constitutional crutch. □



KING CANUTE IS DEAD

New York, April 16—President Carter has surrendered in his Moral Equivalent of War, which began as a campaign to control the price of oil in a U.S. enclave surrounded by an oligopolistic sea. Mr. Carter has a genius for picking out the wrong enemies. Getting mad at U.S. oil producers while whinnying at the OPEC powers is the equivalent of concentrating on Chilean violations of human rights in the age of Gulag.

In any event, President Carter has now changed his mind, but he has not done so gracefully. To do that, he would simply have talked about the merits of decontrol. Instead, he is acting as what a critic of the New Deal once termed, speaking of the NRA, a "shower adjuster." A shower adjuster is the man who wants to reach into your bathroom and tell you what is the best temperature at which to take your own shower.

To be sure, the President has political problems. He evidently feels the need, in surrendering, to use the rhetoric of defiance. The objective is to appear to be antagonistic to the oil companies, even as he recognizes that what the oil companies have been saying all along is substantially correct. The President has accordingly come up with a series of complicated taxes and surcharges and compliance dates and other constipating paraphernalia the effect of which, if enacted, would be substantially to inhibit what he and the country desire, namely, a vigorous program of oil and gas exploration designed to diminish our dependence on foreign oil.

Conjoined to these complicated taxes is the incredible suggestion that Congress empower the President to decide what will be the temperature of one's own place of work. He has revealed that he would use congressional authority to forbid an office being kept at a temperature of less than 80 degrees in summer, or more than 65 degrees in winter. If I were Congress, I would be very tempted to pass legislation authorizing the President to forbid offices being kept warmer than 65 degrees in summer, and cooler than 80 degrees in winter. The notion that someone in Washington, D.C. should decide what is the temperature an individual desires for his place of work is positively Neronic. Moreover, such ambitions are virtually unenforceable except in hermetically sealed office complexes. Even there, who is going to prevent the individual secretary who is uncomfortable at 65 degrees from bringing in a little electric heater? Or is Big Brother contemplating a thermometer in every office which will ring an alarm in Jim Schlesinger's console every time it detects 70 degrees in any office in the nation?

There was never a better illustration of Adam Smith's admonition that people who delude themselves into believing that they can make decisions for the individual are too deluded to exercise authority. President Carter, at this rate, might one day ask Congress for authority to move the U.S. population south by 5 degrees of latitude, which is the equivalent of three hundred miles. If all of us had been raised in Georgia, 80 degrees of heat would strike us as more tolerable than if we had been raised, say, in Massachusetts.

THEN THE President suggested he might consider closing down service stations during weekends. This would have the primary effect of inconveniencing the population. Any race of people ingenious enough to manufacture and sell 15 million automobiles per year is ingenious enough to buy six five-gallon tanks of gasoline and stick them in the trunk for weekend driving. Besides which, driving on the weekend is how some Americans derive that surcease from work which gives them energy to return to the office on Monday. That there are those who do not particularly enjoy driving is the least excuse for deciding that one's own tastes ought to be codified into law.

This is a tough season for the President, not least because of the great scare in Pennsylvania, which could not have come at a worse time and which the ideologues are racing to opportunize on. What Three Mile Island is, is the ecologists' Tet Offensive. The probability is that when the postmortem comes in, it will reveal that what happened is that some people did foolish things and some people failed to do prudent things. A combination of the two can certainly be fatal. The best example of this is the failure of this and the preceding Administration to wage political war against the OPEC consortium and the imprudent attempt, in our own country, to play King Canute with the price of local oil. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A slip of the tongue (Lat.)
30 34 120 136 163 165 209 80 221 185
197 218 44

B. In wine is the truth (Lat.)
36 226 94 220 106 113 130 138 97 161
196 210 17

C. It does not follow (Lat.)
52 60 77 84 107 7 144 110 133 201
216

D. A jot (Lat.)
58 4 137 172 70 95 79 143 100

E. Concealed (Fr.)
90 33 46 71 112 153 158 1 11 57

F. A supplement (Ger.)
105 118 91 27 152 111 179 208 156

G. A violet by a _____ stone/ Half hidden from the eye! —*Lucy*, by Wordsworth
119 194 32 49 151

H. A Mexican tortilla (Sp.)
131 198 92 59 98 159 182 20 187

I. The Day of Atonement (Heb.)
88 12 66 146 18 35 89 8 25

J. Any hierarchical arrangement (Fr.)
135 180 82 37 160 5 186

K. To bounce off as a bullet or echo (Fr.)
155 83 224 207 192 99 9 62

L. Syracuse's crew coach, 1903-1938
177 63 189 154 169 26 225

M. Transgression of moral law (Greek)
2 22 178 87 50 64

N. Having a strange charm
16 114 193 104 147

O. Small pieces of meat and vegetables broiled or roasted on a skewer (Russ.)
10 15 28 41 43 68 75 181

P. A rain barrel (Lat.)
24 205 167 123 190 101 115 223 219

Q. Relationship of one of our presidents to another
76 29 40 19 132 13 171 200 134 3
38

R. A Moslem prince (Hindi)
81 199 228 48 21

S. Relating to childbirth
96 157 202 65 166 85 125 184 117

T. Small musical instruments
142 67 54 126 74

U. Certain textile weaves
211 39 69 222 127 103

V. Genuine
56 141 6 31 23 14 42 53 139 215
45 108 116 122 164 170

W. Provides gratuitously
102 176 206 162 149 109

X. Downy
214 188 51 203 174 73

Y. A type of chair
227 145 47 78 183 217 86 191 93 124

Z. To the city and the world (Lat.)
204 61 121 128 140 55 148 72 150 212

a. What much schoolwork has to be
195 129 173 168 213 175

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 640 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 E	2 M	3 Q		4 D	5 J	6 V	7 C	8 I	9 K	10 O	11 E		12 I	13 Q		14 V	15 O	16 N
	17 B	18 I	19 Q	20 H		21 R	22 M		23 V	24 P	25 I		26 L	27 F	28 O	29 Q	30 A	31 V	32 G
	33 E	34 A	35 I	36 B	37 J	38 Q		39 U	40 Q	41 O		42 V	43 O	44 A		45 V	46 E	47 Y	48 R
49 G	50 M	51 X	52 C		53 V	54 T		55 Z	56 V	57 E		58 D	59 H	60 C	61 Z	62 K	63 L	64 M	65 S
	66 I	67 T	68 O	69 U	70 D	71 E	72 Z	73 X		74 T	75 O	76 Q	77 C	78 Y	79 D		80 A	81 R	
82 J	83 K	84 C	85 S	86 Y	87 M	88 I		89 I	90 E	91 F	92 H	93 Y	94 B	95 D		96 S	97 B		98 H
	99 K	100D	101P	102W		103U	104N	105F	106B	107C	108V		109W	110C	111F		112E	113B	114N
115P	116V		117S	118F	119G	120A	121Z	122V	123P	124Y		125S	126T	127U	128Z	129a	130B	131H	132Q
	133C	134Q	135J		136A	137D	138B	139V	140Z		141V	142T		143D	144C	145Y	146I	147N	148Z
149W		150Z	151G		152F	153E	154L		155K	156F	157S	158E	159H	160J	161B	162W	163A	164V	
165A	166S	167P	168a	169L	170V		171Q	172D	173a		174X	175a	176W	177L		178M	179F	180J	181 O
	182H		183Y	184S	185A	186J	187H	188X		189L	190P	191Y	192K		193N	194G	195a	196B	197A
198H	199R	200Q	201C	202S		203X	204Z	205P		206W	207K	208F	209A	210B	211U	212Z	213a		214X
215V	216C		217Y		218A	219P		220B	221A		222U	223P	224K	225L	226B	227Y	228R		

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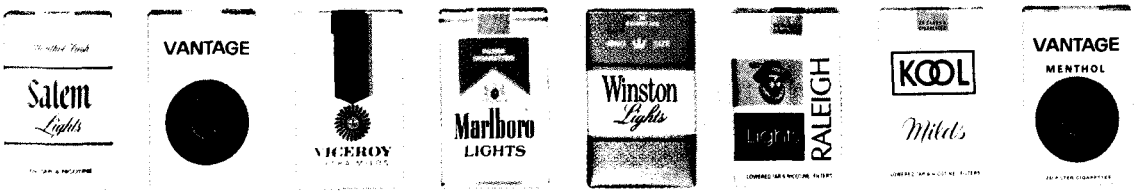
Two questions to ask yourself when choosing a low tar:

#1. Just how low in tar is it?



10	11	11	12	13	13	14	11
MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.

#2. Can I go lower and still get good taste?

Yes.

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As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **Golden Lights: Kings**— 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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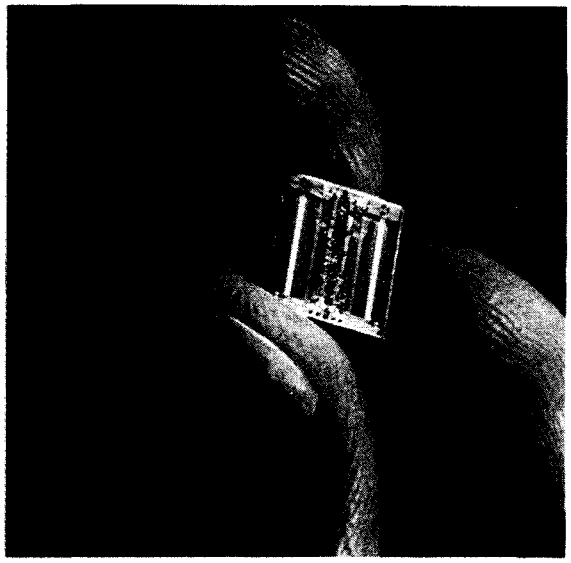

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A product of our laboratories, it can hold more than 64,000 pieces of information. That's 32 times more than previous IBM chips. And almost as much information as you could put in the entire memory of our early room-sized computers.

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